

## AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XV. No. 8  
WHOLE NO. 373

JUNE 3, 1916

\$3.00 A YEAR  
PRICE, 10 CENTS

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## CHRONICLE

**The War.**—The British have been on the offensive southwest of Givency and have made some slight gains at Loos. A Bulgarian force, said to be about 25,000

*Bulletin, May 23, p. m.—May 31, a. m.* strong, has entered Greece and occupied the southern exit of Rupel Pass and the heights east of the

Struma. Greece, after making a formal resistance, permitted the invasion, but will enter a protest as in the case of the occupation of Salonica by the Allies. The Germans, according to Russian reports, have lost heavily in a recent engagement near Dahlel Island. In Persia the Russians have occupied Sardesht, and further south they have crossed from Persia into Mesopotamia and captured Suleimanei. Still further south in Mesopotamia, the British report that the combined British and Russian forces are advancing on Kut-el-Amara, having reached Shatt-el-Hai on the left bank of the Tigris, although on the right bank they have not been able to drive the Turks from Sanneyat. In German East Africa the British War Office reports that the Germans are retreating.

In the Verdun district the advantage during the week has been with the Germans. On the west side of the Meuse, they captured Cumières and advanced on a two-mile front that stretches from that village to the southern slopes of Mort Homme Hill, and are now in possession of the Bethincourt-Cumières Road. The attack consisted of a series of infantry assaults of a costly kind, and the French withdrew. The German success is important, because it advances the German lines a half-mile on the east side of Mort Homme Hill, thus facilitating the German operations against this hill and Hill 304, and at the same time it deprives the French of a position which dominated the German lines across the river. On the

east side of the Meuse the Germans have recovered the Haudromont quarries which they lost last week, and have also retaken Fort Douaumont, a large portion of which was recently recaptured by the French.

The Austrian offensive in the Trentino has made further progress. Although in the vicinity of Riva and at Monte Baldo the Italians have held their own, they have

*Austrian Advance  
in the Trentino*

fallen back in the Lagarina Valley toward Ala. Further to the east, in the Arsa Valley, the Austrians have captured Chiesa, ten miles north of Schio. Advancing from Col Santo, the Austrians attacked Monte Pasubio, but failed to dislodge the Italians. East of this mountain, however, they have advanced from Piazza, taken Monte di Laghi, entered the Posina Valley, crossed the Posina Brook and occupied Bettale. They are now west, north and east of Monte Pasubio. Leaving the Lavarone plateau, and following the Astico River, they captured Forni, and after a serious struggle stormed Monte Cimone. In the Sugana Valley region, the Austrians took Sassa Alto, Roncegno, Borgo, Cima Cista and Strigno. The Italians evacuated the entire western portion of the valley and endeavored to make a stand on the ridge between Monte Meata and Corno di Campoverde, but finally withdrew and left it in the hands of the Austrians. The advance made by the Austrians is on a front of more than twenty-five miles and has become a serious menace to Schio, Arsiero and Asiago.

**Austria-Hungary.**—In the latest utterances of the German Imperial Chancellor, the Vienna press sees distinctly hopeful signs of peace. His words, the *Tageblatt*

*Premonitions of  
Peace*

observes, are "crystal clear, strong, sure and opportune." It concludes from them that Germany is ready for

any contingency, whether to continue the war victoriously or to discuss peace terms for Europe's welfare. The fact that the Teutonic Powers freely speak of peace is a sign of their strength:

That Germany today can and may speak of peace is its triumph. Nobody can discover the faintest sign of weariness on the part of the Central Powers, who, on the height of their achievements, can plant the standard of humanity. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg reminds the Entente of the terrible guilt it takes upon itself if Europe continues to be bled and mangled.

The *Neue Freie Presse* sees a great gain in the journalistic exchange of ideas between Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg and Sir Edward Grey, and calls attention to the new attitude which it says has been assumed by the English statesmen:

A change in the feeling of England is already to be seen in Premier Asquith's speech, in which he did not mention Alsace-Lorraine, nor even Russia. The Premier and the Foreign Secretary are swallowing their words of the past. They deny they ever desired the destruction of Germany, which Poincaré and Briand, in their fear of a collapse, still stammer about. The policy of the destruction of Germany has moved its headquarters from London to Paris.

Commenting upon President Wilson's Charlotte speech, the same paper remarks that the growing popularity of the peace idea in America has been seized by the President to further his candidacy for re-election, while he knows that the proffer of his services is not unwelcome to England. Austria-Hungary has not rejected the original idea of his mediation, but it will be necessary for him to strengthen the weakened confidence of the Central Powers in his impartiality. On this latter point Baron Hengelmüller, formerly Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States, says that the United States lost its opportunity of playing a superbly great and noble rôle from the very beginning of the war:

There was a radical difference in the tone of the American notes to Germany and Great Britain. Despite its preachments about humanity, the United States never raised a word of protest to Great Britain or the Entente Powers in the Baralong, the King Stephen, the Zeppelin L-19, the Elektra and the Dubrovnik cases.

Baron Hengelmüller finds this use of a double standard all the more painful, because of his earnest desire for a continuance of friendly relations between the United States and the Teutonic Powers.

**France.**—General indignation has been felt among Catholics, and even among advanced radicals at a recent action of the French Senate. At a sitting held before adjourning for the Easter vacations, at

**A Snap Vote** which no more than fifty of the three hundred members of the Upper House were present, the Senate decided to examine the Bill for the regulation of charitable works, and adopted the main clauses in spite of the opposition of the Catholic minority and the demands for the postponement of the vote in the absence of the Minister of the Interior. The

nature and purpose of the law which the Senate was in such a hurry to vote can be judged by its two essential articles, which are as follows: "For the future no work, no person and no newspaper may appeal to public charity without previously having obtained the authorization of the Minister of the Interior or the Prefect of the Department. The works already existing are subject to the same regulations as new works. Authorization can be refused or withdrawn without discussion, and without notification to the interested persons. Moreover, the interested parties may not bring such matters before the courts of justice." Fair-minded men are everywhere protesting against the measure. Its upholders say that it is meant merely to regulate and control charity. But to all sound-thinking men, it means the subjugation of charity and charitable works to the caprice of the Government. If carried into effect it would mean the strangling of all private and individual initiative. A writer in the *Intransigeant* describes the Act as "so discouraging that words are wanting to qualify it." The manner in which the clauses of the Act were passed has caused loud protests. They were adopted by an overwhelming majority of the 300 Senators, though only 50 of them were present. But these used the privilege enjoyed by members of the French Parliament to vote for their absent colleagues with their permission. The permission was this time probably abused. A Catholic senator declared: "I have been a member of the Senate for the last twenty-four years, but I never witnessed such a scandalous proceeding." It is possible that owing to the outcry raised against the measure in the conservative press, and to their credit, even in some radical journals, the Senate may adopt amendments which will deprive it of some, at least, of its most odious features.

**Germany.**—Important changes in office have taken place in Germany and new positions have been created. The former Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Delbrück, has

#### Recent Developments

been replaced by Dr. Karl Helfferich, former Minister of the Treasury. The latter post is now filled by Count von Rödern. The imperial finances are "in strong and capable hands, with ninety per cent of the war expenditure covered by long term loans, while in England more than half, and in France three-quarters are covered by short term credits." A "Food Regulation Board" has also been created, with Herr Adolph von Batocki at its head. The appointment of August Müller as a member of this Board is the first instance of the admission of a Social Democrat to any Imperial Commission. An Imperial Meat Bureau has been called into existence by the need of husbanding the meat supply which is likely to remain very limited, though an improvement in conditions may set in during the autumn. "We have vegetables enough," says a noted banker, "and can for the time being become vegetarians." A census of all meat supplies, excepting such as are designed solely for the household



needs of the owners, was undertaken throughout the Empire. The food prospects of Germany depend upon the coming crop. If its present promises are fulfilled there will be an abundance on hand. Preparations for a fifth war loan by September seem likewise to be under way. A credit of 10,000,000,000 marks, it is thought, will be asked by the Reichstag and the usual interest of five per cent will be offered. The financing of the war is causing no consternation, since it is believed that Germany can better bear the strain than the hostile countries. The war expenses have been diminishing and are now considered to be less than 2,000,000,000 marks a month.

**Great Britain.**—By virtue of the royal assent and proclamation, the newest conscription measure is now a law. The Liberal faction in England predicts "grave

*The Conscription  
Law*

developments, flowing from the principle of military conscription." "Free military service," they say, "has been destroyed in the hour of its splendid vindication and replaced by the reactionary ideal of forced service." There is more than a touch of mere rhetoric in this statement; enforced service, if necessary for the life of the nation or for its proper welfare, is quite within the lawful power of the civil authority. Yet, while there can be little doubt that the enforcement of the new law will be attended with considerable difficulties, the fear expressed by the Liberals, that "enforced service" will become a precedent, ruling not only the military but all the departments of government, does not seem to be well founded. The country recognizes the new measures as "emergency legislation," and the very temper of the nation is the strongest guard against the domination, in the future days of peace, of an unjustified spirit of militarism.

On May 23, Mr. Asquith moved and was unanimously granted, a loan of one billion five hundred million dollars. According to the Premier, the average daily expenditures

*Military Expendi-  
tures and Military  
Servants*

during the last fifty days have been in excess of twenty-four millions, nor is there any hope of an immediate appreciable decrease. In the course of the debate which followed the Premier's motion, some interesting "observations at the front" were communicated to the House by Colonel Winston Churchill. The former First Lord of the Admiralty severely criticised certain details of the campaign in France, and considered it "a grave mistake" to allow great armies to remain inactive in Egypt and Salonica "when they ought to be employed in diminishing the number of the Allies' foes." In announcing that the non-combatants with the army included sixty thousand grooms and two hundred thousand men employed as body-servants to English officers, Colonel Churchill may have stated the reason for some of the opposition at home to the principle of enforced military service.

**Ireland.**—The country seems to be gradually settling down to normal conditions. Two items of news are of special interest: the first concerns the fate of certain

Sinn Fein leaders; the second the task assigned to Mr. Lloyd George,

*More Trials*

who is to undertake the reconciliation of Irish differences. With regard to the case of Jeremiah C. Lynch, of New York, a naturalized American citizen, accused of complicity in the Dublin uprising, the London Foreign Office stated, on May 22, that General Maxwell, commanding the forces in Ireland, sent a telegram to Premier Asquith asserting that Lynch had participated openly in the uprising, having been seen frequently in an Irish uniform in Liberty Hall during the fighting. A court martial sentenced him to death, but General Maxwell, after receiving the request from the American Embassy, reviewed the sentence and commuted it to ten years' imprisonment. On the same day Ambassador Page reported that John J. Killgallon, of Long Island, N. Y., whose father asked the American State Department to intervene in his behalf, is interned in a camp at Stafford, England. Mr. Page said he hoped soon to obtain Killgallon's release. It was also officially announced that the sentence of death imposed on Peter Galligan, was commuted to five years' penal servitude. A number of other persons were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. On May 25, John MacNeill, President of the Sinn Fein Volunteers, was found guilty by a court martial of complicity in the late disturbances. On May 30 he was sentenced to prison for life. There have been conflicting rumors as to the part he played in the recent Irish troubles, one of these asserting that he disapproved of the uprising, believing that defeat was inevitable. He is also said to have issued a general warning to Sinn Feiners against any participation in the movement. It is affirmed, too, that he and some of his immediate adherents went into seclusion in a district outside of Dublin and took no part in the actual fighting. John MacNeill, besides being President of the Sinn Fein Volunteers, was Professor of Law in the National University, and was the organizer and vice-president of the Gaelic League.

On Thursday, May 25, the London Grand Jury returned true bills against Sir Roger Casement and Daniel J. Bailey, formerly a British soldier who is held as his accomplice. Seventy-five Grand Jurors were summoned before Lord Chief-Justice Reading, and from their number twenty-three were selected to decide whether or not indictments for high treason should be returned against the two prisoners. They decided promptly. The trial of Casement was fixed for June 26.

On May 25, Mr. Asquith announced to the House of Commons that Mr. David Lloyd George, in addition to his duties as Minister of Munitions, would undertake the settlement of the Irish question. After the announcement he appealed to the Commons to refrain from all

*Lloyd George's  
Position*

debate on the subject both within and without the House, as arguments on the subject might interfere with the difficult task. When he concluded, Mr. John Redmond, Nationalist Leader, rose and acquiesced in the Premier's request, and expressed his ardent desire for a solution of the difficulties of his country. Mr. Redmond was followed by Sir Edward Carson, Ulster Leader, who promised his support to the Premier's proposition, and by the Independent Irish Leader, Mr. William O'Brien, who also approved of the project. It is as yet unknown how soon Mr. Lloyd George will be able to arrange a formal conference and what shape the conference will take. He has been engaged for some time in informal talks preparatory to such a conference, and it is understood that besides Mr. John Redmond and Sir Edward Carson, the conference will include Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, who had much to do with framing the finance clauses of the Home Rule Act. Other names mentioned are John Dillon and Joseph Devlin. In making this important announcement, Mr. Asquith said that Mr. Lloyd George's mission was one of peace and reconciliation. It is difficult as yet to see what the outcome of the conference will be; it is to be hoped that it will result in satisfying the legitimate rights and aspirations of the majority of the Irish people.

**Rome.**—The plans of the Holy Father for the hospitalization in Switzerland of sick prisoners of war whose condition requires special care, have been crowned with success. The *Osservatore Romano*, quoted by *Rome*, contains the following information on the subject:

*The Pope's  
Hospitalization  
Plans Successful*

We are glad to announce that the benefit of hospitalization in Switzerland will be shortly extended to the English prisoners interned in Germany. Since last March, measures were being devised by the interested governments to give effect to this hospitalization, according to the convention already established between France and Germany, and the Representative of the Holy See at Berne has not failed to exert himself charitably to eliminate any obstacle which might arise. Today it may be said that the realization of the humane plan is happily secured, as may be seen from the following Note, which His Excellency, Sir Henry Howard, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Great Britain to the Holy See, addressed on May 4 to His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to His Holiness.

The Note referred to is as follows:

Eminence: I have the honor to inform your Eminence that I have just received telegraphically from Sir Edward Grey the order to make the following communication: The German Government having made known that it accepts the proposal for the reciprocal removal to Switzerland of invalided prisoners of war, English and German, His British Majesty's Government hastens to express to the Holy See its warmest gratitude for having presented this project. It was inspired by those great humanitarian sentiments of which His Holiness the Pope has given such fruitful proof during the course of the war, and His Majesty's Government is convinced that the action so happily initiated by the Holy Father will be fruitful of benefits to many British prisoners of war. In renewing the assurance of my deepest respect, I avail myself of this occasion to express

to your Eminence my sincere gratitude as well as that of my Government for the inexhaustible good will which you have shown in this matter.

To this official acknowledgment must be added the testimonies of gratitude which numbers of French and German prisoners have addressed to their common Father from the Swiss Sanatoriums, to thank him for his solicitude and love.

**Spain.**—The Catholics in the country and their friends at home and abroad have been greatly encouraged by the announcement that the long-desired Catholic Union is at last to become a reality. At a banquet given to Don Juan Vasquez Mella, to congratulate him on his recent election to Congress from Oviedo, the great tribune announced that Don Antonio Maura, the representative of the Loyalist Conservatives, and he himself, the spokesman and leader of the Integrists of the Extreme Right, would meet in September at the national shrine of Covadonga, the cradle of Spanish independence, and would there form a Union of the Right on the basis of a minimum Catholic program. The program, as announced by Señor Mella, will be social, political, and religious. It will defend the sanctity of Catholic marriage, and the freedom of Catholic education. The program also intends to give full local autonomy to the various provinces of Spain, a policy now quite popular, for the people are loudly protesting against the centralizing tendencies of the Government, which are becoming more and more galling every day. Better administrative measures are to be proposed, and above all, a strenuous campaign is to be waged against "Caciquism," or "Bossism," one of the greatest evils of the country. Fully aware of the electoral frauds which are taking place, Señor Mella intends to oppose universal suffrage as at present exercised. He will also advocate the "administrative" separation of the Church and State. Their present administrative union, he contends, makes the Church the slave of the Government.

The details of the program have not been made public, and it is impossible to say how all these projects will be fused into a common platform. The Union is to work for common ends, but it will not entail the amalgamation of the parties. The forces of "Caciquism" will be everywhere arrayed against it, but whatever may be thought of the principles and plans of the Union itself, all are agreed that it has for leaders two of the ablest men in the country, who to a keen and practical knowledge of political problems, add the highest standard of ideals and conduct. Meantime the anti-clericals are not inactive: they let no opportunity to protest pass. Recently the Minister of Public Instruction reorganized the national school for deaf mutes and the blind and put Sisters in charge of it. Immediately a great clamor was raised against this act and the Minister, called upon to explain, declared that they were the best teachers.



## TOPICS OF INTEREST

## A Mayor, a Church, a Conspiracy

THE New York Charities Investigation has had interesting and far-reaching ramifications. These followed close on the indictment of Kingsbury, the Commissioner of Charities, and Hotchkiss, his counsel, by the Kings County Grand Jury. The nexus between this indictment and the aforementioned ramifications is this: the Mayor of New York, whipped to fury and passionate indiscretion by the quandary of his two supporters, clamorously, without a shred of evidence, in violation of a fundamental law of formal logic, accused the Catholic Church of conspiracy to seize "the City Government." This is the hideous charge, uttered by his Honor of New York, and wired throughout the country to furnish copy to a vile, hostile press that lives by calumniating the Church after the manner that Mayor Mitchel employed. His Honor's statement is:

For the last two and a half years, during the entire life of the present administration, there has been a well-organized and purposeful conspiracy conducted by a certain number of coreligionists of my own, acting with others, in the obstruction of the proper and orderly conduct of the government of charitable institutions of the city, and the care they give to 22,000 children.—(N. Y. *Evening Post*, May 23, 1916.)

The attempted seizure by the Church of the City Government is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. We hold that the Government shall not lay its hands on the sacred altar of the Church and that conversely the Church must not lay its hands on the sacred altar of the Government. And, gentlemen, so long as I am Mayor of this city it never shall.—(N. Y. *Times*, May 24, 1916.)

Words could not be plainer; neither could the charge be more false or more stupidly put. Indeed, it were unworthy of notice, were it not for the nature of the institution maligned and the accidental value that attaches to the calumny, because of the office of the calumniator.

The plaintiff has made a wonderful discovery: he has found a *purposeful* (sic) conspiracy; a conspiring conspiracy in other words, something like a goosing goose, though in a different order. Apparently John Purroy Mitchel is a remarkable man, a rare scientist.

This fictitious conspiracy was attributed "to a certain number of his coreligionists." Later without submitting any proof for his contention, the Mayor named some four or five of these, thumped a table and screamed that the Church was attempting to seize the City Government. There may have been force in the thump and pathos in the scream, but there was no logic in the assertion. To conclude from this alleged act of four or five members of the Church to the Church itself is a sin against the very first principle of ratiocination. The Mayor of New York committed that sin, in order to fasten an infamy on a guiltless institution and thus arouse in his favor the passions of the offscouring of the people. The City Hall of the metropolis of the continent has become a hustings

from which a fanatic shrieks. "No Popery" to the admiration of the ignorant mob. Or, is it that he has dreamed himself a David slaying a Goliath, only to find his pebble turned to an empty shout at the critical moment?

All this happened, May 23: the Mayor slept on his emotions and strange logic; the wires buzzed with the false charge against the Church; it was flung into our faces in conversation, and by papers, like the New York *Evening Post*, that join the sweaty rabble to score a point against the Papists. The honorable Mayor awoke and declared:

It is not the Catholic Church which has so conspired to pervert justice and obstruct or control government, but a small group within the Church cooperating with a few non-Catholic laymen. It is this group I charge with conspiracy. This group I am convinced is not representative of the Church or of the great body of right-thinking, honest Catholics of this City.—(N. Y. *Tribune*, May 25, 1916.)

Was there ever such a proceeding? One day, the chief official of a great American city, to whom people should be able to look for fairness and habitual probity, vehemently charges the Catholic Church with a crime, the very next day he just as vehemently acquits the Church of that crime.

This is a wonderful comedy, but the chief actor may now be regretting that he put on the buskin and donned the masque. Perhaps, however, the Mayor of New York never expects to be taken seriously again.

But the real accusation is clear now, even though no one can vouch for its sincerity. So too is the consequence. The whole issue may be put this way: During the last two years and a half a small group within the Church has conspired to pervert justice and obstruct or control government. Therefore Mayor Mitchel caused wires of certain members of that group to be tapped.

Now the proof. Mayor Mitchel, burning with anxiety to defend his Commissioner of Charities indicted for wire-tapping of complicity therein; Mayor Mitchel, placed in so perilous a position by his connection with the wire-tapping that Alfred J. Talley, Counsel for one of the alleged conspirators, declared without rebuff, to the very face of the Mayor, before the Thompson Committee, that his Honor escaped indictment by only one vote; Mayor Mitchel who had every desire, both for offensive but especially for defensive reasons, to bring forth proof of his accusation, confessed that his evidence would not be received in any court of competent jurisdiction, nay, not even by himself, fighting as he is for his reputation and security. (N. Y. *Tribune* May 25, 1916; N. Y. *World*, May 25, 1916.) In other words, the plaintiff on his own confession not only cannot prove the charges made, but he realized before he made them that he had no legal proof to support them. What has any Church to fear from such a man? He has played his last card, and lost.

The Mayor's so-called testimony can be divided into two parts: one concerns the condition of the maligned

institutions, the other has to do with the conspiracy. The first is not relevant to the issue and can be thrown out of court. The issue is the *conspiracy* said to have been carried on by *some few* Catholics against the city government, for the last two years and a half. No, not for two years and a half, the Mayor changed even that part of his original proposition; he discovered over night that the plot reaches back to 1907 and involves a man who died opportunely April 11, 1915—a year too early to defend his name against a traducer. In 1909 and 1910 Mitchel, then a petty official, was conducting an examination of the accounts of institutions and “discovered” that \$5,000 had been subscribed by private institutions as a *honorarium* for Daniel Potter, examiner of private charitable institutions in the Department of Finance. When the sum was in hand, the prelate’s “conscience hurt him at the thought of paying the money over to a public servant,” so “he appropriated this money to his own use without asking permission or stating anything concerning his purpose to the institutions which had subscribed it.” The Mayor declares that all this was admitted to him by Mgr. McMahon, under oath, sometime during 1909 or 1910. Good! But now for a few questions. Is this a conspiracy to seize any government, much less Mitchel’s which did not begin till January 1, 1914? The collection is said to have taken place in 1907; it was “discovered” in 1909 or 1910; no objective nexus between it and any action done by priests, during the present administration, has been established. How then does it justify or help to justify the Mayor for tapping wires because of crime or suspicion of crime, done or to be done, during his administration? There is no answer to that; it exposes his Honor once again.

Just here a digression from the main topic is useful to show the peculiar workings of the Mayor’s intellect or will. In the first place the intrinsic absurdity of the allegations against the dead prelate is patent even to the bleary-eyed. Mgr. McMahon is accused of collecting money to give a present to a city official; at the proper time the prelate’s conscience bothers him and to ease it he appropriates the money to his own use, that is, he steals it. Verily! It is as if the Mayor of Rome tapped private wires in the year 10 B. C., got a scruple and then to ease his conscience blasphemed Jupiter. A pagan mayor would not be so mad as to commit a monstrous crime to *ease his conscience* troubled over a matter much less serious. Only stupid, untrained Catholic prelates do such things.

But Mayor Mitchel offers proof. Of what? Of these two statements: (1) That Mgr. McMahon admitted to him under oath that *these funds* (\$5,000) *had been collected* as a present for Potter; (2) that Mgr. McMahon appropriated the money for his own use without permission or statement of any kind. (N. Y. Times, May 24, 1916.) What is the proof? The confidential report of Fosdick, Commissioner of Accounts under Gaynor. (N. Y. Sun, May 27, 1916.) Does this prove both or either of

the Mayor’s statements? It proves neither of them. Nowhere, in no way does the report say or insinuate that Mgr. McMahon swore to Mitchel that \$5,000 *had been collected* for Potter. That was the Mayor’s first statement. Again, nowhere and in no way does the report say or insinuate that the Monsignor’s conscience so bothered him that he “appropriated the money to his own use” *without asking permission* or stating anything concerning his purpose to the *institutions* which had subscribed it.” That is the Mayor’s second statement, and it is as foul a slander as was ever uttered. But then Mgr. McMahon is dead and his Honor is indeed a worthy man, who would not mention the prelate’s act, if it *were not on record!* (N. Y. Times, May 24, 1916.) Can it be that such statements are not on record? They are not. These things only are on the record submitted: (1) Mgr. McMahon received \$500 from *one* institution (that got no money from the city) towards a fund for a present to Potter; (2) The money received, the plan was changed and Potter, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, was not given a penny. Mgr. McMahon did not recall whether he informed the donor of the change or not, and, continues the Fosdick report:

He (the Monsignor) stated that at the time the proposed present came up a considerable sum of money was raised by him from various Catholic institutions to defray the expenses of his own personal supervision of their institutional work. These funds he deposited in a special account at the Fifth Avenue National Bank, and from them he made drafts to other accounts which he maintained. The incompleteness of his records made it impossible for him to show specifically how all these funds had been used.

Therefore, not one assertion made by his Honor is substantiated by this report. He speaks of \$5,000 sworn to as collected (New York Times, May 24, 1916); the document he offers in proof mentions \$500: he declares that Mgr. McMahon *swore* he appropriated the money for himself without knowledge of the *institutions* involved; the document he offers in proof mentions *one* institution actually involved and Mgr. McMahon declares he *does not recall* whether or not he spoke to the head of that institution about the change. A Mayor who can juggle with facts this way may make any charges he pleases; they will harm himself only.

But Mgr. McMahon, one of the dearest and most unselfish men that ever lived, answers the man who snatched his bones from the grave and rattled them spitefully before the public. Here is an affidavit that shows every item of the transaction to be free from the least taint of crime:

American Consulate, Carlsbad, Austria—ss:

Denis J. McMahon, being duly sworn and desiring to give full answer to inquiries from New York, U. S., deposes and says:

He is the Right Rev. Denis J. McMahon, rector of the Epiphany Catholic Church, Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York City; that he is the Supervisor of Catholic Charities in the Diocese of New York, and has authority in matters pertaining to the Catholic charitable institutions there; that at the present time he is stopping in Carlsbad, Austria, having left home



for Europe in April last. That in the winter of 1906-7 he planned to organize more completely the educational work of the charitable institutions, to the end that every teacher in them might have a certificate from the Department of Education; also to establish a Catholic bureau for the "after care" of children from the institutions and the Children's Court. In order to develop these plans he opened an office with a suitable clerical force. To centralize these and other important charitable works, he requested funds from the institutions to meet the increased expenses. At first it was suggested that while raising these funds a sufficient sum be secured to give a *honorarium* to Dr. D. C. Potter of the Finance Department, New York City, who had rendered valuable and long-continued services *outside of his departmental duties*; also and particularly, the refund of disbursements incurred in connection with a set of photographic albums mentioned below. The latter part of this suggestion was finally adopted.

That these funds contributed by the institutions were used by deponent for the work of his office, a purely diocesan matter. That at no place or time did deponent pay to the said Dr. Potter any sum of money, except on one occasion when payment was made for the actual cost (amounting to over \$1,000) of the illustrated albums which were sent to Europe. This work was compiled and completed in all details by Dr. Potter. Deponent has already testified in court upon this subject, where vouchers were presented. Dr. Potter received no money for his services or any profit. It was well understood that his services were gratuitous. He was not offered or given anything beyond actual disbursements.

Other than in this instance deponent never paid said Dr. Potter any sum of money, either directly or indirectly, or to any one else for his benefit.

In answer to a specific inquiry, in which deponent is informed that among the vouchers of St. Joseph's Union, a *private corporation, receiving no money from the City of New York*, though connected with the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, there is a cheque dated on or about January, 1907, for the sum of \$500, (five hundred dollars,) with a memorandum on the accompanying voucher stating in substance that the cheque was to be made part of a sum proposed to be raised on behalf of D. C. Potter, which sum the rector of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin states was given to deponent. Deponent says that said \$500 was received and used by him in the diocesan work described above, and no part of the said \$500 was either directly or indirectly paid to D. C. Potter.

Deponent further says that in asking for about \$4,000 (four thousand dollars) at that time he stated the object above-mentioned openly at a regular meeting of the Superiors of the institutions, and among the contributions received for this purpose was the above-mentioned \$500.

Whilst deponent may not have reported to the Rev. Rector in person the use of his contribution, he does actually report annually both to his Superior and to the Superiors of all the contributing institutions, the financial transactions of his office.

(Signed) DENIS J. McMAHON.

Sworn to before me this 27th day of June, 1910, at Carlsbad, Austria.

(signed) WILL L. LOWRIE.

Consul of the United States of America.

American Consulate, (Seal,) Carlsbad, Austria.

Moreover, Mgr. Dunn follows, denies under oath that the alleged \$5,000 was collected, asserts that the books of New York and Brooklyn institutions were audited without the discovery of a trace of it; Dr. Potter follows him, swears he received no honorarium and affirms that the Mayor has slandered the dead prelate. How-

ever, all this is unnecessary; the very document on which his Honor relied proves his statements false; nevertheless, it is pleasant to find that document supported by the testimony of three men.

But this is a digression made to show once again that the plaintiff is entirely untrustworthy. The point at issue is: that because of an alleged conspiracy against the city government, the Mayor tapped the wires of certain priests. So far there has been no trace of a conspiracy on the part of the defendants, the priests. As much cannot be said for the plaintiff. The Mayor is still on the stand. He is now presenting the case against the priests, Mgr. Dunn, Father Farrell, Dr. Higgins, and Father Dineen, and his case is: these men entered into a criminal conspiracy to prevent justice and obstruct or control government, and I, the Mayor, knowing this, or having reasonable ground for suspecting it, had the wires tapped. That's the case, it needs constant repetition, lest the issue be befogged. The evidence? The Mayor declared before the Thompson Committee that he had no evidence worthy of a court's consideration; he admitted that he himself would not accept his own assertions as legal evidence. That needs repetition, too, lest it be forgotten. More than that, and this is most important: The Mayor stated that his so-called evidence was submitted to the Kings County Grand Jury (New York *American*, May 25, 1916); his indicted Commissioner of Charities testified before that Jury; the alleged conspirators within that Jury's jurisdiction testified before it, and yet that Jury, presided over by a careful and honorable judge, indicted the Mayor's Commissioner of Charities and the Commissioner's Counsel, a fate which, according to an uncontradicted statement, made in the presence of the Mayor before the Thompson Committee, his Honor escaped by only one vote. This is significant. But do not miss the point. For the present it is *not* that the Grand Jury *did not* indict the alleged conspirators against the city government. There are two points. The first is that the Grand Jury found no trace of a conspiracy on the part of Mitchel's co-religionists, against the city government; otherwise it would have found that the wire-tapping was justified, Kingsbury and Hotchkiss would not have been indicted and Mitchel would not have escaped the same fate by only one vote. The second point is that the Grand Jury did not find that Mitchel had reasonable suspicion of a conspiracy; otherwise it would have justified the wire-tapping, Kingsbury and Hotchkiss would not have been indicted and the Mayor would not have escaped the same fate by only one vote. Another and most noteworthy point is contained in these words from the Grand Jury's presentment to Judge May:

If, as does appear, *they* (the Mayor and Police Commissioner) approved of the conduct of those who were responsible for the tapping of the wires in question for no other purpose than to furnish counsel in private and personal litigation with information and to gratify private curiosity, and not

for the detection or prevention of crime, the conduct of the Mayor and Police Commissioner merits severe condemnation.

In view of all this, of what worth is Mr. Mitchel's proof?

Who now are the conspirators? Judge from the action of the Grand Jury. Judge from the added fact, that despite most strenuous efforts to fasten guilt on them, not one priest has been indicted anywhere for anything, and not one will be indicted, for not one is in the wrong.

In view of all this, is it any wonder that, before these indictments were found, the Mayor of New York made frantic efforts to stop inquiry into the wire-tapping? He declared that international issues were involved, that a man who would pursue such an investigation would be a traitor; he threatened "to pan" Senator Thompson. All this was good acting. (Some day, the Senator may be induced to publish the rest of that conversation now known to many. People may find it interesting. This in passing.) But after the indictment the Mayor was keen to spread his assertions on the record. In order to estimate these at their proper worth it would be well to note how they were concocted. Policemen "listened in" on tapped wires, pencil and slate at hand. As the talk proceeded, the officers wrote down on the slate the "skeleton" of the conversations, that is, a few isolated words. These words were afterwards transferred to scraps of paper and the conversation was then filled in at leisure, it would appear; then it was typed. (N. Y. Tribune, May 27, 1916.) Finally some two months after the first conversation was stolen the eavesdroppers were ordered to interview the accused so that the voices heard over the 'phone might be identified!

From these wonderfully-wrought, stolen, typewritten conversations that had passed through at least three processes, his Honor testified, without being able to say that *his copies agreed with the originals* which in the great majority of cases *"were destroyed, that no information might be disseminated which would be injurious to any one!"* Well might he pronounce his assertions legally worthless! Yet on them he founds grave charges against priests, while professing to be *solicitous for people's reputations!*

The process of the theft may account too for the language said to have been used by well-educated Catholic priests and a Baptist minister. Here are some specimens: "Yes, when *them* pamphlets get around there will be some time." "Well, I know that I *done* everything." "Yes this is *him*." "I *ain't* afraid." The Mayor of New York read this twaddle as part of some conversations of priests and a minister.

But let the Mayor "testify." Surely. He has done so; he has striven manfully to prove the conspiracy which eventually turned round this point: that the priests tried to get a witness, Potter, out of the jurisdiction of the Strong Commission so that he could not be called to testify. The Mayor made assertions; page after page of them; the Thompson Committee listened hour after

hour, and at the end, Senator Thompson, the Protestant chairman, declared that there was no evidence of a conspiracy. No evidence even that Potter wished to avoid becoming a witness, while Potter set the audience laughing by stating that a conspiracy to spirit him away was quite unnecessary, since Commissioner Strong declared that he (Potter) would not be asked to testify. Why go further? The Thompson Committee has cleared the priests. But then the testimony is amusing. The conspiring coreligionists of the Mayor are, as I have said, Father Dineen, secretary to Bishop Hayes, a priest well known in New York, Mgr. Dunn of New York City, Dr. Higgins of Brooklyn, Father Farrell of Brooklyn. The main allegations against Father Dineen are: (1) He told Potter over the wire that a Holy Name Society had protested to the Governor against the Strong Commission; (2) He told Potter over the wire that it was reported the Governor intended to stop the investigation; (3) He advised Potter to keep out of the way. A large conspiracy this! And Father Dineen declared under oath he *never* said such things to Potter! He appeared scarcely to know Potter, yet the latter is made to address the priest whose name is Joseph, by the familiar term "Harry." But, halt here. Father Dineen did speak to *Mgr. Dunn over the wire* in a perfectly legitimate way about a perfectly legitimate act of the Holy Name Society. That is important, for the Mayor has declared more than once that neither the wire of Bishop Hayes nor of Mgr. Dunn was touched. Despite this denial, one or both wires *had been* tapped. This recalls that there was no admission that Hebbard's wire had been tapped, until the fact became too well known to be denied any longer. Father Dineen's testimony brought the following interesting result:

"Hold on!" said Mr. Moss, (counsel for the Thompson Committee). "If that is so, if they twigged your conversation with Mgr. Dunn, they must have been tapping some wires that they have not admitted."

"I would not be surprised."

"The question that is raised on this witness's testimony," Mr. Moss went on, "is whether there are not taps that have been made, or are being made, that the police authorities do not know about and that the telephone company has not got a good record of."

"Of course there are," interjected Senator Thompson. "So far as the telephone company is concerned, why I think that is true. So far as the police are concerned, I do not care to say as Chairman of the Committee just now.—(New York Sun, May 26, 1916.)

Great heavens! And this is New York, not Siberia or Devil's Island. Some of us are dreadfully anxious; we talk in our sleep; a Mayor or a Commissioner of Charities may be under the bed, and the floor is sometimes dusty.

Mgr. Dunn comes to the stand. He is an arch-conspirator. He conspired with Father Farrell and Potter, putting \$100 in an envelope in his office for Potter's messenger to carry off.

Before March 13, Mgr. Dunn had never seen Father



Farrell; he met him that day for the first time at Mr. Mulry's funeral. Before that time he had communicated with him once over the wire to ask for some matter for a pamphlet. This is the extent of that part of the conspiracy which Mitchel affirms is at least two and a half years old. Now for the second part of Mgr. Dunn's conspiracy, that \$100 in a sealed envelope.

On March 12 the Monsignor suspected his wire had been tapped; on March 15 or 16 he informed Dr. Higgins of his suspicion; on March 23 Potter, according to the Mayor's admission, said over the wire that he suspected his wire was tapped. (N. Y. Sun, May 25, 1916), and yet on March 24 these astute conspirators, these wily chaps who had every reason to suspect that the "ends" of their wires ran into the ears of eavesdroppers, talked conspiracy over those wires!

Mgr. Dunn acknowledged speaking of 100, without mention of dollars, to Potter; he had reason to suspect wires were tapped; he wished to make sure; on the spur of the moment, he threw out the "bait" 100; he was subpoenaed immediately and questioned forthwith about \$100; the proof was had; wires *were* tapped. The Monsignor swears to this; he swears, too, that there was no mention of a sealed envelope, while Potter swears he received no money. The Grand Jury of Kings County heard the Mayor's side of this story, and found no trace of a conspiracy; the Thompson Committee heard it and its Chairman affirms that there is no evidence that any attempt was made to spirit Potter away.

But what about Father Farrell? He is also innocent of "conspiring." He denied under oath that he ever spoke to Potter about money to go to Atlantic City; he denied that he ever heard of the Strand Hotel, to which he was said to have directed Potter; he affirmed that it was physically impossible for him to have 'phoned to Potter at the time asserted, since at that very time and for a long while after he, together with three others, was at his mother's house, where there is no 'phone. The Grand Jury of Kings County heard Mayor Mitchel's version of this, heard Father Farrell's version, so did the Thompson Committee. The result we know. No conspiracy. The last conspirator is Dr. Higgins. Under oath he repudiates the conversation attributed to him. The Grand Jury of Kings County heard the Mayor's version of Dr. Higgins's crime, so did the Thompson Committee. The result we know. No conspiracy. What does the Mayor say to all this?

"They (the priests) were only doing what you could expect people to do who are accused of crime." (N. Y. Sun, May 26, 1916). Innuendoes, lies and statements of these witnesses cannot change the situation. What can you expect from men accused of crime as they are? You don't expect them to tell the truth, do you? (N. Y. Herald, May 26, 1916.)

Note the splendid *argumentum ad hominem* here. It is a real boomerang with a backward flight much swifter than its forward flight. The Mayor asserts that the priests

perjured themselves, because they were *accused* of crime. (*Accused*, and that without evidence!) What, then, are we to think of the Mayor, a politician who escaped indictment for crime by one vote and whose official friend, Kingsbury, was actually indicted? If four or five priests of known reputation perjure themselves because of an unsupported accusation, a politician who finds himself in the Mayor's quandary does not swerve a hairsbreadth from the truth! *Risum teneatis, amici?* There is an old story of a cat that climbed a tree in a fit of blind passion, could not get down and avenged itself on innocent people by mewing night and day.

But where is that conspiracy? It never existed. And have you not noticed that the very point at issue has been passed over by his Honor? He tried to *justify the wire-tapping* by pleading *foreknowledge* or reasonable *suspicion* of conspiracy; and then he endeavored to prove the existence of that conspiracy by conversation heard *after* the wires were tapped!

This paper is almost finished. Before summing up, it is well to record this resolution of the "Society of Certified Shorthand Reporters of Greater New York":

Be it resolved that it is unethical, unprofessional and contrary to the tenets of this society for its members to engage or participate in reporting over the dictaphone, the dictagraph, the telephone, or to participate in such service where the speaker or speakers are unseen and unknown to the reporter.

It is also well to put down this resolution adopted in Assembly Hall, Brooklyn, by the United Independent Democrats, an organization that supported Mayor Mitchel in his campaign for election:

Resolved, That the United Independent Democrats of Kings County present this matter to the Governor of the State of New York and that he be requested to take the necessary action for the removal of John Purroy Mitchel as Mayor of the City of New York, and that a committee of five be appointed to present these resolutions to the said Governor for action.

And now the summing up. The present question at issue between the Mayor and the priests falsely accused by him, is not the condition of private child-caring institutions; it is not whether those institutions shall audit their accounts or not; it is not whether those institutions shall be inspected by city officials or not; it is this and this only: Did those priests conspire to pervert and obstruct or control government, thus justifying the tapping of their wires? Those who have read this paper know the answer. They will agree with Moss, attorney for the Thompson Committee, who asserts that the Mayor's evidence (*sic*) "would not convict a yellow dog." New York is to be congratulated on its latest "No Popery" cry. Even Oshkosh and Kalamazoo cackle. May the sacred altar of this city's government be soon released from the grip—but the grip is like the conspiracy and his Honor's evidence. It does not exist.

THE EDITOR.

### The Battle against Divorce

A CERTAIN popular magazine is at present waging literary war against divorce. The March issue presented a frank article, illustrated with two expressive pictures: one a decrepit "Scarlet Sister" slinking through the city's streets; the other, a lady, luxuriating in a splendid boudoir and enjoying divorce with alimony. Which is the worse?

Whatever may be said against Arthur I. Keller's brace of illustrations as offending taste and delicacy, it cannot be denied that they reflect an important truth, and this even more effectually than does the article which they introduce. The number of divorcées, these social parasites, who, as Anna Steese Richardson observes, "toil not, neither do they spin," has become large and notorious enough to demand the attention of our practical-minded country. We have connived at the immorality of divorce, but in these days when heart-strings have become so entangled with purse-strings, we can hardly fail to be moved at the economic waste of paying women magnificently for yielding the nation nothing. Miss Richardson quotes the shameful figure of 1,008 divorces in 1914 on the Island of Manhattan alone, the average annual alimony paid being \$1,000 a year. She cites pathetic instances in which the wheel was broken on the butterfly rather than the butterfly on the wheel; how men have been reduced to penury and ill-health by the necessity of sending milady divorcée her monthly check; how a male is entrapped into matrimony by a wily woman with not a spark of love in her heart but a quantity of alimony calculations in her head; how the feminists' fair boast of the independence of their sex is weakened by the swelling ranks of the misguided creatures who profitably start to court their husbands with law the minute the latter cease to court them with love.

All these facts are but further evidence of the wisdom of the Church's stand in the matter of divorce, which the unreflecting have loudly criticised as archaic, unprogressive, intolerant, and unsuited to the exigencies of the twentieth century. The altogether outrageous abuse of alimony is the latest argument to support her attitude regarding our great national evil. As divorce is now so largely a question of finance, the Church's stand cannot fail to impress the American mind. For when the rupture of the marriage bond is proved poor business, the American public cannot but take notice of the evil. On seeing the extravagance divorce involves, the public may pay some attention to the Church's teaching on the subject and realize that her dogmas have corollaries suggesting material success and advantage.

It is to alimony that court-rooms owe their great popularity with the ladies. By clipping off the attractive pecuniary trimmings from decrees, except, of course, when wife and children would really be destitute, the State could keep the divorce-rate from soaring so high. As for religion's work, Joseph Morschauser, Justice of

the Supreme Court, New York, wisely observes: "When the Christian churches combine to take drastic action against divorce and its effect on society, the statute will be repealed." The Catholic Church is the unquestioned model in this suggested campaign, and around her the others must rally, for was it not she who lost a whole nation rather than allow the marriage bond to be broken?

In a late issue of the magazine already referred to, appeared a well-written short story full of little lights on the details, incidents and consequences of divorce. The author dug beneath the social crust, and revealed the significant situation that even people who mutually and peacefully seek divorce may be quite dissatisfied with themselves and each other after they get it. If this be true, it is only another indication that the Church, in shielding her children from divorce, is really protecting them from themselves. The man and woman who have lived together for years, have grown so closely into each other's life, that when the sword of civil law cuts this intimate union, spiritual wounds, if not moral death, to say nothing of the unsavory repute which follows one or both persons, must be the results of the separation.

But, though the reasons against divorce, old and new, make a formidable array, those in favor of it are thought by many to be anything but slight. This opinion owes its popularity, in no small measure, to our up-to-date novelists. Divorce is replete with possibilities for salaciousness and "human interest." All a romanticist needs nowadays to be noticed, is sensation. Hence we have been having tales and plays urging the necessity of the divorce court. H. G. Wells, in his book, "The Passionate Friends," plausibly pleaded for a more liberal English divorce law. The plot of Rupert Hughes's "What Will People Say?" turns on the heroine's inability to gain freedom, for the reason that her husband's mother, a Catholic, is opposed to the simple modern specific. Eugene Walter's lurid drama, "Just a Woman," which pleased so well in New York, exploits the court-room as a climax in the lives of its characters. Such torrid fiction appeals to the emotional rather than the logical faculties of its patrons. Hence when the sexes get their lives into hopeless tangles, divorce seems the only obtainable way of cutting the Gordian knot. Consequently, the Catholic Church is censured as a disregarder of human values, even by many who are not blind to the evils of divorce. Indeed, some of her own children, who prefer Chambers, Morris and Johnson to Benson, Sheehan and Bazin, wonder at her lack of lenity.

If the world would look a little more deeply and sincerely into the Church's attitude, however, it would be found that she is really more considerate of her flock than any sect is of its members. Instead of divorce, she permits separation, which does not preclude future reunion, but invites it rather. She allows no trivial matter to tamper with the marriage bond, and so keeps her children from the ridiculous excesses which are turning our court-rooms into vaudeville theaters. While



recourse can be had to civil law only at the price of painful publicity, the Church has a tribunal of her own in which matrimonial cases are investigated with quiet dignity and earnestness. It is a court, moreover, altogether free from reporters and scandal-hungry gapers.

The idea is inexcusably extant among non-Catholics that, if a priest once makes the marriage pronouncement over people, the Church cannot possibly be brought to think the couple are not validly married. Those outside the Church do not realize that there are several fully recognized impediments to the validity of the Sacrament of Matrimony.

Indeed the Church, by the decree of the Holy Office of 1889, permits a bishop, or his delegate, to settle certain cases even without trial and without appeal to Rome, when the nullity is evident and the *defensor vinculi*, or priest officially appointed to investigate such cases, is satisfied with the evidence. These cases respectively obtain, when one person is baptized and the other not; when one is already validly married; when both are related by consanguinity, affinity, or by a spiritual tie; when the marriage has been performed before an unauthorized minister.

In other instances the Church reasonably requires a trial. The most common of these latter instances is lack of consent in either person, without which, of course, there can really be no marriage. Strange that novelists persist in making their characters throw frenzied fists up to the sky and demand to know why it is that the "mumbling of a mere priest" should weld two lives together forever. The two lives freely weld themselves; if the union hurts, why blame the priest?

The heroine of David Graham Phillip's last story, forced against her will to marry an onion-eating yokel, in all probability did not marry him at all; and, if she had been a Catholic, instead of desperately plunging into the merciless tide of life, she might have quietly betaken herself to her parish priest or confessor, who would have told her how to put her case before the ecclesiastical courts. On the pronouncement of nullity by two of these courts, Susan Lenox would have been relieved from the obnoxious bond, and her sickening story, which unhappily is proving so absorbing to our morbid high-school misses, would have been halted at the start. To be sure, even ecclesiastical trials cost money, and this much-suffering damsel had none. The Church, however, never disregards a case for pecuniary reasons. The civil courts are not so obliging.

From even this little exposé of truth, it is clear that the Catholic Church deals with remarkable prudence toward mésalliances among her children: separating persons when they should not be bound together, keeping them bound when they ought to be, and, in either event, preserving intact the strength and beauty of the matrimonial ideal. As a result, Catholic marriages are not hasty, nor is the motive mere passion. For the most part they are pure, happy, fruitful, and genuine blessings to

the commonwealth. Outside the Church no successful campaign against divorce can be waged without an investigation, adaptation and promulgation of her methods, which are neither excessive nor lax, neither adamant nor over-sympathetic. They are just plain commonsense.

EDWARD F. MURPHY.

#### The Charities Investigation: An Oliver Twist School

LET us begin with a few choice headlines. Headlines are the fashion nowadays, especially with the New York press; direct, pithy, lying headlines. Those quoted below refer to the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, a training school for boys and girls at Mount Loretto, Staten Island, New York; they are taken from a pamphlet issued by one Moree, a salaried "charity" publicity agent and paid for by John A. Kingsbury, Commissioner of Charities of the City of New York, now under indictment for wire-tapping.

Orphans and Pigs Fed from the Same Bowl—Worse Than Anything in Oliver Twist—Likened to Oliver Twist—Children Live Amid Squalor—Had One Toothbrush for 400 Children—Boys' Home Looked Like Pig Pen—Oliver Twist Outdone in Staten Island Home.

Keep your eye on Oliver Twist. Brush up your Dickens, and picture a domineering, drunken, hypocritical brute, Mr. Bumble, and find his modern counterpart in the Rev. Malick Fitzpatrick, Rector of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. This is what Mr. Kingsbury's pamphlet asks you to do. Recall a miserable, dirty, underfed little boy, shrinking from a look as from a blow; a parish child, as Dickens says, the orphan of the workhouse, a humble, broken-spirited, half-starved drudge, to be cuffed and buffeted through the world, despised by all and pitied by none. He will represent, according to Mr. Kingsbury's erstwhile anonymous pamphlet, the boys and girls of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. And with these impressions firmly fixed, witness the deepening of the picture, as with a tear in his eye and a choke in his voice, he of the singular memory, Mr. John A. Kingsbury, testifies before the Strong Commission concerning "the melancholy picture" which he "can never forget" of little crop-headed children, "some without anything at all to eat," and others eating "with their fingers out of tin dishes" food "dished" from a bowl which also served the pigs of the establishment.

I do not know the condition of Mr. Kingsbury's eyes. I do not know what he regards as a proper standard of truth. But I know that on December 8, 1915, a few months before he sobbed out his sad story before the Strong Commission, Mr. John A. Kingsbury in company with his Deputy, Mr. William J. Doherty, visited the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. They were hospitably received by Mr. Bumble in the person of Rev. Malick Fitzpatrick, and in the afternoon were his guests at a play given by the little girl-drudges in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Furthermore, before their departure,

Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty publicly spoke in praise of the Rector, of the Sisters who are his aids, and of the excellent work that was being done in an establishment which, however, was "worse than anything in *Oliver Twist*," "looked like a pig pen," and was wont to feed "orphans and pigs from the same dish." Where does the truth lie? In December, 1915, the Commissioner of Charities and his Deputy are well pleased with the institution; at least, they publicly proclaim their satisfaction. Three months later, they search Dickens for types of wretchedness, squalor and misery.

I do not pretend to share the exalted standard of truth and morality raised by Mr. John A. Kingsbury. But this I know and assert: that to characterize the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin as "worse than anything in *Oliver Twist*" is an absolute untruth.

On Monday, May 21, unannounced I visited this maligned institution. Here, "Children Live Amid Squalor," says Mr. Kingsbury's headline; but as we drove through the park-like enclosure, a square mile in extent, I was struck by the singular beauty of the surroundings. A bright-faced, rosy-cheeked boy took my card and ushered me into the home that "Looked Like a Pig Pen," but which to me, looked immaculately clean. I must consult my oculist who, by the way, happens to be the oculist of this institution. Nothing more unlike *Oliver Twist* could be imagined than this boy at the door. He carried himself well; his teeth were good; and he had "washed behind his ears," final proof to all mothers that he was well instructed in the arts of personal cleanliness. I did not have the heart to insult this little chap by asking him if he had ever fed from the same bowl with a pig, but I did inquire if he had enough to eat. With a look in his eyes, much the same as the look in your eyes were the question put you by a total stranger, he answered simply, "Why, of course, Father."

Here let me dispose, once for all, of the question of starvation and dirt at this institution. Neither exists at the Mission, nor ever did. I noted but one suspicious circumstance during my visit. Every boy of the many whom I interrogated, replied that the food was plentiful. This does not square with my experience with growing boys; I have seen few who were not habitually hungry. I cannot explain the contrary phenomenon at Staten Island; but perhaps the simple abundant food which I saw served, and the typed dietary of which I have a copy, together with the refrigerators, storerooms, truck-farms, dairies, chicken-yards, the famous "piggery," and the shining, thoroughly-equipped kitchens of the institution, make it less of a mystery. The squalor and dirt are as imaginary as the famine. Messrs. Kingsbury and Doherty seem to have noted none on December 8, 1915; I saw none, though I looked for it, on May 21, 1916. I inspected the washrooms and the facilities for bathing; I was present when the boys, each with his individual towel and soap, were "washing up." Their skins are clean, also their *uncropped* heads, and at the risk of weariness it may

be repeated that each boy has a toothbrush and uses it. Likewise their clothes, changed weekly or as required, are clean. The dormitories are large and airy; the floors, scrubbed to the grain, the beds and bedding, which I examined carefully, are spotlessly clean. I do not "remember" these facts from the report of another; I, a casual visitor, saw them myself. And anyone who knows boys and institutions will admit that this cleanliness is not a hurried reformation, established in a few months or a year, but must show that neatness and order are a tradition at the school. I freely mingled with the boys at supper. Now you do not expect a thousand boys to dine together with the quiet dignity of a party of Oxford dons. But I much doubt if a single boy of the more than one thousand before me could "Lap up His Soup from a Pail," as according to another headline is the custom, or, granted the skill, would care to do so. Mr. Kingsbury remembers this scene as a "melancholy picture"; what I saw was a crowd of typical American boys, tired and hungry after a well-balanced day of work and play, applying themselves to the evening meal in a boy-like yet civilized fashion. Mr. Kingsbury, by the way, continually harping on the note of melancholy, must be a veritable kill-joy in any company; while I, a gaunt person with none of the winning graces of Punchinello, found an answering smile on the face of every boy with whom I talked. I think I know the reason why smiles are common on the faces of these boys, rescued by a Christ-like charity from the streets, or from desolate homes broken by death, abject poverty or vice. It is written in an inscription near the door of the well-arranged library founded and maintained, by a singular perversity, for the pupils of this *Oliver Twist* school:

My dear Boys: This hall is yours. Every board that has been built into it, every nail that has been driven, every brush that has been used to decorate it, every picture that has been hung, every touch that has been added to make it comfortable and neat, has been done out of a spirit of love for you, as well as a supreme faith in your manliness and honor. All that is asked is that you use it in a gentlemanly manner, and that you may be so interested in it as to see that proper care is taken of it. We confidently trust all this to your honor.

Such is the spirit of this *Oliver Twist* school, springing from love of its pupils and a supreme faith in their manliness and honor. This is easily "worse than anything in *Oliver Twist*"; I do not remember anything like it in *Oliver Twist*. I cannot say much in this paper of the Girls' Department, a splendid institution on a beautiful site overlooking Prince's Bay. But I cannot refrain from reprinting a card found in many of the classrooms:

#### WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO

To Sew. To Cook. To Mend. To be Gentle. To be Patient. To Value Time. To Dress Neatly. To Keep a Secret. To be Self-Reliant. To Avoid Idleness. To Respect Old Age. To Hold Her Tongue. To Make Good Bread. To Keep a House Tidy. To Make a Home Happy. To be Above Gossiping. To Control Her Temper. To Take Care of the Sick. To Sweep Away Cobwebs. Above All, to Attend to Her Religious Duties.



But what of the "constructive work" at Mount Loretto? I could not tell half of what I know—not "conjecture"—of this phase of the institution in ten articles. I might write, for instance, of the classrooms which I visited, and of the learned discourses which I held with the boys, on points of history, ethics, parsing, analysis, geography, and, somewhat fearfully, of arithmetic. I might note how out of a class of some forty boys, nearly all wrote a hand like copper-plate, and how these "beaten, under-fed drudges" answered me brightly and pleasantly, just, Madam, as I hope your Johnny will, at the School Inspector's next visit. Or I might tell of the gymnasium, of the bulletin-board with the standing of the American and National Leagues, and the results of yesterday's games; of Father Smith's four Home Leagues and their games at home and abroad; of the battalion drill and military calisthenics to the music of their own brass band and drum corps; of the Field Day, an annual event for which these broken-spirited little Olivers are eagerly training; of the "hikes," the visit to the circus, the ice carnival, the husking-bees, the football teams, the dramatic entertainments, the weekly amateur and "movie" nights; of the Holy Name Society, the Altar Boys' Society, the Drumgoole Library Association, the Dramatic Circle, the Literary and Debating Circle, the Officers' Club, in all of which, membership is held out as an incentive to hard work and good behavior; and finally I might descant on the sermons and religious instructions which the public inspectors do not like or at least ignore, and on the honor and demerit system and the Commission Form of Government at the school, which, very properly, they do like. I wish you could talk with the solemn Judge and the bright little District Attorney, who also happens to be the Drum Major, just to learn the remarkable resemblance between this school founded on faith, love and honor, and the horrors of Mr. Bumble's workhouse to which it has been brutally likened. Here I can only mention these activities and note that they are realities, not names; I must hasten to meet the charge that, whatever Mount Loretto now is, it was worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta before the sweetness and light of reform had been shed upon it by Messrs. Doherty and Kingsbury.

The charge is readily met, first by asserting, and then by proving, that it is false. In 1888, a period when our 1916 reformers were engaged in widely different pursuits, the Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry thus wrote to Father Drumgoole, founder and for many years rector of the institution:

I sincerely trust that you will not forget the Society (the Childrens' Aid) in your prayers, and that the interest you have always so practically shown in your long and laborious work of caring for the helpless little ones of this city, will continue to find its echo in your appreciation of this Society, which stands always ready to second your praiseworthy and most excellent efforts in their behalf.

In 1888, while on a visit to Mount Loretto, this great

child-lover publicly spoke of the institution as "a model, where children are reared and educated to be useful members of society; where they are taught that there is a God to worship and a religion to follow." "My heart goes out to the dear old home," writes Brother Adrian, of the Community of the Sacred Heart, twenty years later, "as I pause to think of the blessings that were mine while in its sheltering arms, fatherless, motherless, I found a mother's love and a father's care." "What pleasant memories," writes an alumnus, E. J. Gallagher, in 1908, "the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary recalls to us, the veterans of the dear old place." "If today," said the Rev. William Fogarty, in 1912, "I am able to stand at the Altar of God to offer Him the Sacrifice of the Mass, the credit of it all must be given to the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin," and there can be little doubt that his sentiments are re-echoed by the Rev. John J. Sheridan, late of the American College, Rome, and by other alumni, clerical and lay, who have won an honorable place in the world. This testimony, extending over more than three decades, is fitly closed by the resolutions, passed on April 13, 1916, by the Alumni Association, "composed of young men and men of mature years," proud of their *Alma Mater*, which "brand as false and misleading the statements and charges of alleged abuses and ill-treatment of the children of the Mission." They "declare that it is entirely inconceivable to the members of this Alumni," the majority of whom have kept in close touch with the institution. "that such unhappy conditions of living could exist at Mount Loretto even for one day." Granted for the moment that this conclusion is in error, there is no error in their "grateful acknowledgment of the long years of unremitting toil and self-sacrificing devotion of our beloved teachers and guardians . . . saintly men and women who have sacrificed their all for the poor." Oliver Twist schools do not call forth tributes such as this.

To conclude. Are children ill-treated at Mount Loretto? They are not. Are the children at Mount Loretto trained, as Elbridge Gerry wrote, "to be useful members of society; taught that there is a God to worship and a religion to follow"? They are. What, then, are the headlines quoted at the opening of this article? They are just plain falsehoods told and propagated for an unworthy purpose.

If these answers do not suit you, I trust you will investigate for yourself. Nothing would better please the directors of this maligned institution, who in spite of much persecution are doing a glorious work for God and for the State.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

#### Great is Diana of the Ephesians

**M**EN must worship. It is inevitable. Either they will adore the Lord their God and Him alone will they serve, or they will set up in the desert places of their hearts "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" and

fall down and adore it with grimness of devotion: We have St. Paul for it that some worship their bellies. The object of right worship is God alone; the object of wrong worship may be anything from a peanut to an abstraction. The pantheist, for example, worships all "outdoors," the peanut included; that strange being, the superman, worships himself, which must amuse the peanut; the Tarahumare Indian gives devotional honor to the peyote, the grisliest of all vegetables that grow on the fierce Mexican mesas.

All men in their senses either obey or disobey the First Commandment. They adore God or they make images stand in His place. The instinct to worship is as much a part of man, and as necessary to him, as the instinct and necessity of eating. It inheres in him before skin clothes him; it remains with him after his skin has shriveled into dust. It is deep in his soul, and will be with him forever more intimately than flesh is welded to bone, and that whether he find his place in heaven or hell, for worship is not absent from hell. Hate and despair are gods there.

It is strange that the existence of this quality should be so little known, positively denied by some; and more surprising still, that multitudes, scientists even, are not aware that such an instinct is an essential element of human nature. There are numbers of people in the world, perhaps a majority, who have not the least idea that they carry about with them such an organ as a vermiform appendix; certainly only a minority of the race realize that they have stowed away in a pocket at the base of the brain an attachment called the pituitary. But these two contrivances are certainly a part of each human structure and in spite of the ignorance concerning them, all men carry these articles about with them more carefully than they do their watches. It would be amazing to hear of an anatomist who doubted, or went so far as to deny, the existence of the appendix or the pituitary. We should say of him what Charles Dudley Warner said of Tolstoy, "The poor man is locoed." Shall less be said of the pseudo-scientists who not only have not found out that they themselves have an instinct to worship, but, with all the suavity of the insane, let it be understood that those who teach the existence of such an instinct are a trifle rustic? Some scientists, like some of the insane, would be amusing if they were not distressing.

The root-principle of worship is the dependent character of our nature, or to put it the other way around, the failure of self-sufficiency. Every man seeks something outside himself to lean upon, or intensifies some power within himself in a effort to get from it the support he needs. Humanity is not sufficient unto itself. It needs a friend, a father, a personal God. If it does not find its true Friend and Father and God, it will build a substitute from a stick or a stone or from the airy substance of one or another of its own functions. It will actually attempt to raise itself by its boot-straps.

The lower the mental development of men, the more they will turn to the material objects around them and center upon some one of these their hope of help; whence the sun and the moon, the cat and the bull, the tree and the rock have been, and still are, as gods to innumerable children of men. As civilization, through its various agencies, expresses some of the grossness out of the flesh, and the intellectual life predominates, the tendency is away from the material as an object of worship. First the functions of the body are deified, then the operations and qualities of the soul, and finally the crystallized aspiration of a tribe or a nation; whence we have the spectacle of Greece bowing down before beauty, of Rome worshipping power, of France adoring liberty, of England placing its trust in wealth, and is it too much to say that America, in common with most of the nations of the earth, is steadily turning its heart to efficiency as the mountain whence help shall come to us?

Efficiency, the new paganism, is with us. Its temples are building in hamlets and cities, and quick feet are hurrying to the new worship. Beauty, power and wealth, even Christian Science, have been adored, but the clay in all of them has shown through the glaze, and each of these gods is wobbly on the pedestal. Not so with efficiency. This idol stands upright with a fresh face to the dawn, with joyous shoulders thrown back, ready to carry the burden of humanity, and with firm feet set toward the forefront. No soft, Grecian-rounded lines of flesh in this god as in beauty; no lightnings in the hand as in the power of Rome; no mawkish cap over hatchet features as in the liberty of France; no oily smugness as in the wealth of England! None of this in the new god, efficiency! We have made our graven image with a spring to it, with an air of going forward to meet problems in joy of heart and gladness of face, sure of the issue and trusting in nothing in all the world outside the splendid web of muscles and the stronger web of will behind the forward-looking eyes. "Who indeed is like unto our god?"

It cannot be gainsaid that the image is fair to look upon and is stimulating alike to fresh young blood and to jaded maturity. Salvation ought to be sure and swift at the nod of the new leader. But here's the rub. Will this idol go down the way already trod to the bitter end by beauty and power and liberty and wealth and all the other gods that stretch back even beyond Adam to Lucifer and his pride? It is to be thought and hoped it will, for it is of the same substance as all the broken gods, and at the end of the trail must come again the cry, "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean." For efficiency is the product of men, and is less than beauty or liberty or power, which come direct from God, and is not more than co-equal with wealth or strength or refinement or any one of the mass of other ideals that men have leaned upon as they have not leaned upon their Creator. So it shall go to its place.

The failure to make eternal this latest idol will come



from the same cause that has shattered all other gods that have ever been contrived. Men cannot be temperate when they leave the worship of the only God. Once they have forgotten God, they invariably and by force of law, fail, through excess, of final accomplishment of their purpose, whether the ideal they set before them be of itself good or evil.

Human efficiency, the exercise of the various powers of the mind and body to normal strength, is an end to be earnestly sought by all men; lack of such exercise to a proper degree is a sin and an evil; but carried beyond a proper limit it is equally a sin and an evil. The nature of the end to be reached must determine the reasonableness of the strain to be put upon energy to secure it. If the good to be gained be God, or the virtues leading to God, then there need be no limit to the amount of efficiency one may rightfully cultivate; this path is open and endless and delightful.

There are practically no limits when the energy is expended in behalf of others for supernatural motives, since this is really making God the end: "as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." But when the end sought has reference only to temporal affairs, the pursuit must be well within the bounds of the strength of our mental and physical powers if failure and disappointment are to be avoided. It is a characteristic of efficiency that when it is exercised toward eternal things it feeds its own strength and never reaches the climax of its power; while if the object be rooted in this world each individual has a very definite point of efficiency beyond which effort becomes a weakness, and perseverance means exhaustion. Efficiency in the service of God can never be overdone; efficiency in our own service easily overreaches itself.

It is this last sort of efficiency that is fast becoming the modern Diana of the Ephesians. The schools teach it; the shops are ruled by it; the farms are coming to it; the armies of a large part of the world are being wiped out by it; the religious sects have not been dissolving fast enough through theological solvents and are reaching out in their agony to this fresh destroyer; it is in the universal air, and we must be efficient or nonentities. The doctrine of efficiency for its own sake is being taught and practised everywhere. The young are being trained to think that now at last they have the key to happiness here and hereafter; let them only keep their powers stretched and they will surely work out their salvation, spiritual and economic. Work and you will succeed is the principle; and do not waste time in worrying about the kind of work. Whatever may be its object, wealth, power, pleasure, philanthropy, honor, only work, and salvation in this world at least will come. Success is the *summum bonum* and the means to the end is work.

In answer to this call multitudes are straining every nerve in their eagerness to "accomplish." They have made the superman their ideal, and nerves and muscles, flesh

and blood, virtue and recreation, and duties to God and State and family are brushed aside in the mad development of efficiency, that a few years of success may crown their lives. Often the success is attained, but even when it is not ashes of roses, as most frequently is the case, is it worth while, is it justified, is it wise?

There is no doubt that painful work may be a blessing, but it is well to remember that it was imposed as a curse, and the curse still abides. It is by acceptance of it as a curse that it may be turned into a blessing; refusal to accept it, out of sloth, or the attempt to direct it to a wrongful end is always doomed to defeat. Painful labor is a curse, but a curse subject to the law of reason. He who labors not at all or too little shall find no rest; he who labors too much or toward an evil end shall sweat in vain. Only those who work in patience and cheerfulness and with confidence in their Master shall reap a sure reward.

If there be any one thing in the Gospel more striking than another it is the ease and quietness and steadiness of Our Lord's work. There is no sign of strain, no excitement, no anxiety. He knew the end from the very beginning, betrayal, desertion, mockery, death, failure. But His work went on evenly, confidently, and as it were with a steady pull, with no jerks or violence. What a contrast this is to our modern teachers of efficiency, urging their pupils to more and greater endeavor, holding up accomplishment as the sole measure of merit, regardless of nerves, brain, muscles, or rest, with ever the call for more and yet more. And all to what end? That gold may be heaped up, that men may lift their eyes in momentary praise or envy, that wines may flow in heavier currents, that motors may speed with greater fleetness, that guns may blaze with mightier destruction, that lives of "submen" may be made more barren.

A false standard has been set up. Efficiency has been elevated to the dignity of a virtue or a sacrament. It is neither; directed to a wrong end, it becomes a vice and a sign of contradiction, and the end of it is destruction. No laborer has a right to give more of his strength even to a rightful master and for a large compensation than nature in her ordinary course will restore; much less has any man the right to give out of his powers in sweat and anxiety, and with the fervor of the gambler, to an evil master of his own creation, or to one imposed upon him by the convention of public opinion. No man merits praise for overworking himself in the service of the world, the flesh or the devil. And yet it is to this pass that many otherwise very decent folk have come.

How often we hear assigned as the cause of death, nervous break-down from overwork, or pneumonia induced by a run-down condition from too great attention to business, or heart failure brought on through anxiety over the outcome of plans; how often we read of commitments to asylums, of suicides and of physical break-downs caused by overwork, in other words by efficiency carried to the breaking point. And how different is the

attitude of the public toward misfortunes of this kind than toward those caused, for example, by drink. It is announced that the banker or the politician died of overwork, which means, of the struggle to pile up more gold, or to acquire more power, and palm is wreathed about his monument. He was a martyr. He was efficient. His neighbor dies of drink, and the verdict is that he came to the end he deserved. He was a disgrace. He was inefficient.

But in reality, is it any less honorable to die of unbridled animal appetite than of unrestrained avarice or pride? Is a man less guilty who shortens his days for gold or for power than he who does the same for drink or for the dreams that come from the poppy? Surely not. Why then is the one made a hero and the other an outcast? Because when we leave the Lord our God we make to ourselves false idols and fall down and adore them. There is no life, no power in these images. They will not save us, but if followed too long and too far they will destroy us. The objects we worship are our ideals, and by ideals we stand or fall. Our latest god is of unsubstantial stuff like all the others and when it crumbles we cannot escape the ruin.

After all the clamor of the cries to this new Diana of the Ephesians, after the turmoil and the strain of the worship of efficiency, how grateful it is to hear the voice of the Lord in its quietness and sympathy telling us: "Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they? Be not solicitous therefore, saying: What shall we eat; or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things."

M. J. RIORDAN.

#### "Caliban by the Yellow Sands"

WHETHER ten thousand or twenty thousand persons witnessed the masque at the stadium of the College of the City of New York on May 24, is not a matter of primary importance. The assistance of a huge audience certainly contributed to the artistic success of Percy MacKaye's conception; but with only the cold click of the cinematograph and the dull hum of the phonograph to record this pageant the result would still have been satisfying and appropriate as an act of homage to the sublime genius of Shakespeare.

Yet the crowd, straining ears to catch the excellent diction of the drama, and fastening its eyes on the feast of color and sensuous motion, was the most significant equation in this revival of community art in so blasé a theatric environment as New York City. It is not difficult to invent pretentious terms to describe the crowd's part in the performance; we can say that it exemplified the genuine democratic love for concrete poetry, and a purist could not quarrel with the truth of the expression, but even a poet might question its accuracy. For a hundred psychological items make up the sum of the masque's attraction, not the least prominent of which are its occasion and its novelty.

Perhaps many among players and spectators were familiar with the epithet "Dark Ages" as a derogation of uncommercial Christendom, and for these, if they think of it, the masque should

make a portrait of medieval *milieu*; a vindication of the claim, tendered under provocation, that the world has seen fewer things as beneficently beautiful as romantic Catholicism.

In designing "Caliban," Mr. MacKaye approached his task like the true poet he is. The creation of so noble a pageant as that of St. Louis had taught him what could really be done with the stars as the fourth wall of his stage, and he worked zealously and evolved a scenario which, with Mr. Urban's scenic and light endowment, constitutes a theatrical epoch and an historical event. It was little less than a stroke of genius to blend a basic allegory of the human soul with the majestic movement of drama through the civilized ages, and any slight limitations of full effectiveness were more circumstantial than artistic. The idea of an inner stage, where Shakespearian tableaux formed the core of the magnificent episodes staged in the wide and artfully illuminated arena, was almost demanded by the conditions of the production; but the perfection of its accomplishment could not have been attained without the zealous cooperation of all concerned, which had something nobler than personal credit for its incentive.

After a man of poetic gift and classical education, with a subtle mastery of technique, has given himself to dream of the reunion of Prospero, Ariel and Caliban as the starting point of a pageant not only of Shakespeare but of the Immortal Muse, it is no wonder that he should strikingly insert Caligula and the Cross of Christ in gripping contrast. Mr. MacKaye had the dream, and it was greater than his interpretation of it; but there is an absolute excellence about the interpretation that can review the prophetic path of drama and hold thousands spell-bound with a picturesque recital of humanity's spiritual conquests. And the final note of hope, struck in the face of war and the more terrible chaos of triumphant materialism, is one that Religion will applaud more conscientiously than Art.

Prospero's magic in summoning to earth epochal poets and their poetry provided an entertainment unprecedented in theatrical annals; but Prospero's logic was even greater than his magic, for the solemn, pagan tread of Euripides is a forceful premise to the free, joyful procession of Christian chivalry and folk-play. The synthetic argument of the masque, which is too lengthy to bear inventorial epitome, accentuates the delight that must have been Shakespeare's. And a Catholic can well understand Shakespeare's delight, for the Creator placed this master-brain in an atmosphere pregnant with religious emotion, and an environment that gave England her vanished title "merrie."

The participation of eminent actors and actresses in a performance essentially amateur testifies that the community endeavor is not suspected as a possible competitor of the professional stage. This may seem an unimportant consideration in connection with a tercentennial; but "Caliban" is an experiment as well as a celebration. Its success will stimulate the worthy endeavors of those who are ambitious to see the community masque regain its place as a democratic institution.

And this leads to the thought of what the old-time masque might have become as a force for moral stamina if it had never been totally supplanted by the footlights. Modern invention, as depicted in "Caliban," can certainly raise the spectacular virtue of the masque to a height beyond anything the closed theater can achieve, and this speaks strongly for commercial practicability—an indispensable consideration. So it may be safely averred that with capable management and a supporting press the popularity of the community masque, and its consequent social good, would be assured.

The charming traditions of European cities provide a fruitful field for pageantry; but there is no reason why America should envy this avenue of art when she has the key to it in her possession. "Caliban" synchronizes well with the pageant of Newark, and the two events unite to prove that the community



spirit needs only proper evocation and happy purpose to flower as promisingly as our circumscribing economic life will permit.

Being a true work of art, where fifteen hundred persons work in exemplary unison, the simple *eusynopton* of the masque should make the observant realize that there is a spirit in the thing well worth study and reflection. That spirit is not suited to cold analysis, however clear, because the warmth of religion inspires and pervades it. The mere fact that several hundred people dressed beautifully, spoke beautifully, and danced beautifully in interludes and incidents is something singular for technical record. What is permanent and particular is that all this was done for a reason besides public entertainment, and we do not have to trace this reason far before we touch the human love of ritual, which has its human purport in the "traffic of the stage," and its deep supernatural significance in the rich practice of the faith which was fresh in Shakespeare's mind. Otherwise he might have been England's greatest dramatist, but certainly not her finest dramatic poet.

Mr. MacKaye and all others interested in this wholesome revival of pageantry and community play are artists who will acknowledge the immediate descent of their elaborate scenes from the miracle plays of old; and they will surely recognize that the same democratic, robust religious spirit that made the miracle play successful is not wholly eradicated by the blights that have marred our spiritual history since knighthood was in flower. It will respond to the right touch, but that touch must be artistic, and above all, sincere.

So whatever cultural value we attach to "Caliban," the lesson is well learned that the democratic love of pageantry, simply poetic despite the high elaboration of mechanics and chorus, survives amid the glitter and glare of "hustle" and "punch." New York is a city of five million population, mostly poets.

JOHN B. KENNEDY.

## COMMUNICATIONS

### A Call to the Colors

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The recruiting campaign offers a special task to the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and we invite the cooperation of all men of Irish race in accomplishing it. We have to do our own recruiting if we wish to maintain the character of the regiment; and we must do it quickly.

The old Regiment is in this community the organization which represents the military valor of the Celt. It has a history which is a source of patriotic pride to every man of Irish name. Its flagstaff has silver ferrules recording the names of our fifty battles in which the regiment has been engaged. If our people wish to maintain the fine traditions of our fathers, they should not only lend their support to this regiment, they should make it, as they could easily do, the banner regiment for numbers and military efficiency in the National Guard.

The Sixty-ninth Regiment, though not a Catholic organization, has also rendered distinct services to the Catholic cause. The main attack upon the Church has always been that it is unpatriotic, un-American. In time of danger, thousands of Catholics all over the land will flock to the standards, but their bravery and patriotism will not redound to the credit of the Church that inspired their virtues in the way that they should, unless they find an outlet in a regiment like ours. In the event of war the Sixty-ninth Regiment will probably be the nucleus of a new Irish Brigade, whose valor and devotion will stop the mouth of bigotry for another generation. Now is the time to come to the aid of this regiment. The internal discussions which injured its standing are now happily ended, and the old drinking element is practically gone from the National Guard. We have a very fine lot of men in the ranks, capable and gentlemanly officers, and for

commanding officer a gallant and high-minded Catholic gentleman who has the respect of the whole community.

It is a regiment that any man should be proud to belong to. Leaders of the Irish race in this city, clerical and lay, should co-operate at least to the extent of swinging to our direction the enlistments of young men of that race who feel the call to military service. A good half of the members of the militia in New York are Catholics, the bulk of these being Irish. If the eligibles for our organization who have entered the Guard during the year had come to us, we should have a regiment on parade Memorial Day that would be a source of jubilant pride to every man that bears an Irish name.

FRANCIS P. DUFFY,  
Chaplain, 69th Infantry.

### A Good Suggestion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On May 15, a quarter of a century ago, the famous Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* went forth from the Vatican on its beneficent mission throughout the civilized world. I learn from the Dutch daily papers that the twenty-fifth anniversary of this important Pontifical document is being celebrated in almost every city and village of the Netherlands. In some places open-air meetings are held, because there are no halls or theaters spacious enough to accommodate the large audiences of eager listeners. In the United States little or nothing is being done in commemoration of this epoch-making epistle to the Catholic Bishops, clergy and laity of every country of the globe. Many of our Catholic workmen and employers are still ignorant of the sane and solid principles of social reform, expressed in this, the greatest Papal pronouncement of the nineteenth century. "Since the Divine words, 'I have compassion on the multitude,' were spoken in the wilderness," says Cardinal Manning, "no voice has been heard throughout the world pleading for the people with such profound love and loving sympathy, for those that toil and suffer, as the voice of Leo XIII." Would it not be a good thing to commemorate this anniversary during the first week of September in every Catholic parish of the country?

De Pere, Wis.

A. F. T.

### The Boy Scout Movement

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As a reader of your publication, I have been interested in the various articles entitled, "The Boys of Our City." The suggestions contained in those articles are valuable, but I have been forcibly impressed by the failure of anyone to speak of the Boy Scouts, as a possible solution of the boy problem. The Boy Scout movement is one that is rapidly growing throughout the country, and affords a great attraction to every boy; so much so, that boys of Catholic faith are seeking troops wherever they may find them. I have in mind that in New York City the Catholic Boy Scouts are recognized by the ecclesiastical authorities. I myself have been interested in the movement, and have talked with other Catholic gentlemen who have a like interest. I have not seen anything anti-Catholic connected with it. The work is educational and appeals to every boy with blood in his veins. It is also American.

Why then should not the Catholic Church take advantage of this organization in behalf of its boys, and not wait until it has attained the utmost success? We have seen what the Y. M. C. A. has done, and we are seeking to find something which will afford a like attraction for our lads. Though the Boy Scout movement is not in the main, military, the broadness of its training takes a boy over the rough places of a military training, and familiarizes him sufficiently with drill work to insure that he will not throw himself away in battle.

Norwalk, Conn.

EDWARD J. QUINLAN.

# A M E R I C A

## A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1916

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1900, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.  
President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSLEIN;  
Treasurer, JOHN D. WHEELER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:  
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00  
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00 (10s.)

Address:  
THE AMERICA PRESS, 59 East 83d Street, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.  
CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

Attention is called to the articles: "A Mayor, a Church, a Conspiracy" and "The Charities Investigation: An Oliver Twist School" in this issue.

### The Gospel at Atlantic City

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, lately in session at Atlantic City, was engaged with a number of topics; divorce, for instance, and reunion. Even when the good-will of the delegates is admitted, the wisdom and prudence of some of their conclusions seem open to criticism. Touching the plague of divorce, overlooking the simple but effective expedient of forbidding the clergy to officiate at adulterous unions, however sanctioned by the civil authority, the Assembly weakly suggests that the clergy preach at least once a year against divorce, seeking at the same time uniform and more stringent State legislation. Any mention of the Catholic Church in this regard seemed, no doubt, inopportune; the subject of reunion, however, afforded an opportunity that was not lost. When a report recommending closer union between the Presbyterian Church and the Commission of Christian Unity was read, a scrupulous delegate arose to remark that he would withhold his assent if the report included "Mormons and Catholics." His scruple was removed by the Rev. W. H. Roberts, clerk of the Assembly. "They are not included," said this gentleman. "I, for one, never want them included. They are not evangelical." Whereat, reports the New York Times, "Dr. Roberts was long and loudly applauded." One wonders if this evangelical applause was interrupted when fifteen presbyteries presented to the Assembly the following request:

That the Assembly use whatever constitutional power it possesses to exclude from the ministry of our churches, those who are assailing the fundamental truths of the Gospel, especially those charged with the instruction of the candidates for the ministry.

Whether or not Presbyterian clergymen and professors in Presbyterian seminaries, may assail "the fundamental truths of the Gospel" and retain their official positions, is a question which the Assembly may or may not answer at a future session. But pending the answer it would seem fitting that Dr. Roberts rank his own communion with the Church of the Latter Day Saints and the Abomination of Rome, as a non-evangelical body.

### Logopathy

"LOGOPATHY," in the jargon of the doctors, means "disorder of speech due to disease of the brain." Acute cases of the malady do not appear to be common, but in its milder forms the infirmity is widespread. Indeed almost everybody suffers from occasional attacks of the disease and unless effective remedies are applied it easily becomes chronic. Early symptoms of the disorder are a fondness for solemn platitudes, old wives' proverbs, and threadbare quotations. The frequent use, for example, of observations about the importance of being in earnest, of apothegms that emphasize the commercial value of thrift or honesty, and of Shakespeare's reflections on the deceitfulness of appearances, are generally signs of incipient logopathy. The further progress of the disorder is marked by the patient's addiction to senseless catchwords and meaningless slang. Men and women who often have on their tongues such words as "uplift," "efficiency," "service" and "preparedness," or who use without discrimination metaphors borrowed from the ball-field, are seriously infected with logopathy and should consult a specialist without delay. For those, however, who are in the last stage of this dreadful malady practically nothing can be done.

You can easily tell the chronic sufferer from logopathy. An aggravation of the symptoms just described indicates that for him words have ceased to be the signs of ideas. Moreover, he or she is, as a rule, an emotional creature, much given to using expletives and interjections. He regards the "wonder-point" as the most important punctuation mark and hyperbole the noblest of the figures. All the intensive adverbs and adjectives are his prime favorites and his only aversion is understatement. Such words as *very*, *perfectly*, *exceedingly*, *absolutely*, *singularly*, *exceptionally*, *superb*, *lovely*, *awful*, *charming*, *amazing* and *most extraordinary*, reinforced by the oaths peculiar to velvet guards and Sunday citizens are constantly used by the victim of chronic logopathy to describe the marvels of familiar things and commonplace people, or to express his opinion of ordinary occurrences. His remarks, so to speak, are all in italics.

"But is there no cure," it will be asked, "for this dread disease?" Not for its acute form. But if the proper treatment is employed during the earlier stages of the



malady a permanent recovery generally follows. With a really submissive patient, an experienced logopathist can indeed work wonders. The regimen is similar to that prescribed for the victim of the drug habit, only more severe. For the sufferer from logopathy must be gradually withdrawn from the use of all his cherished adverbs. During the first day's treatment he will be allowed to say *very*, for instance, only fifty times; the next day, forty; the next, twenty-five, and so on. In like manner he must learn to avoid slang, catchwords, platitudes, proverbs, and stale quotations, and under no circumstances will expletives, interjections and wonder-points be permitted. To hasten the patient's recovery his English reading must be confined to books written prior to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and he should be encouraged to thumb assiduously a good volume of synonyms. So if a skilful specialist is called in betimes, even logopathy can be cured.

### City Brides

**H**APPY the city whose Corporation Counsel is gifted with imagination, and by this token New York is to be congratulated. An entirely new marriage ceremony has been drafted for the great metropolis. No longer will Aldermen intrude where Hymen alone should be supreme. Those grim arbiters of charters are banished henceforth from civic bridal celebrations. What if the City Clerk must now join all the willing hands? If he be worthy of his office, he should be glad to spend his day radiating blushing happiness.

Poetic fancy is not indeed of much assistance to logic, but who would be so dull as to demand consistency, where orange blossoms and June brides are in question? Nevertheless it was somewhat incongruous to insert in the new marriage formula, pretending as it does to be wholly unsectarian, a modified form of Catholic banns, and it must make atheists smile to have God's blessing invoked upon their union. And what a mockery to ask of those who intend nothing more or less than a "trial marriage," and many such will stand before the City Clerk, whether or not they take their partner, "as long as you both shall live"! It is comforting however to know that the Corporation Counsel still believes in God, and that the old Catholic insistence on indissolubility and the old Catholic horror for divorce are still strong enough to be felt. Some Catholic ideals are still in honor, even if they are not in high vogue. New York, it would seem, is not so bad after all.

### A "Practical" Catholic

**"O**NE must have the heart of a *child* toward God, of a *mother* toward one's neighbor, and of a *judge* toward oneself." This was the counsel Père Henri Joyard, a distinguished Jesuit preacher who died a dozen years ago, used to give his hearers. The

words admirably describe a practical Catholic who "lives" his religion. Little children's virtues are the very ones that best become God's servants. Their affection, innocence, lowliness, gratitude, docility, trustfulness and simplicity are what make children so dear to parents, and these are likewise the qualities the Heavenly Father loves to find characterizing His older children in all their relations with Him. So in things of the soul a man's practical hold of amiable children's virtues can be made the measure of God's love for him.

Being a "mother toward one's neighbor" is the second mark of the practical Catholic. It means a readiness to overlook in others, as does a mother in her children, defects and shortcomings, to interpret words and deeds charitably, to be as tender of a neighbor's fair name and to be as kind to him as a mother is toward her little ones. Just as mothers, moreover, are always at their children's service, have ready for them whenever it is needed a word of counsel or comfort, and are glad to make sacrifices for them, in like manner our ideal Catholic's relations with his neighbor will be characterized by the motherly virtues of kindness, patience and self-sacrifice.

The third mark of the practical Catholic, according to Père Joyard, is the virtue of being a fair "judge toward oneself." That is difficult, because this judge, as a rule, is biased. He always enters court predisposed to favor the defendant. For that litigant's crimes and misdemeanors he easily finds a thousand extenuating circumstances, so conscience, the plaintiff, generally loses his case and has to pay the costs. Well has it been said, nevertheless, that "There is only one person in the world to whom I may always be severe, there is only one who richly deserves it, and that person is myself." But the Catholic whom self-will, self-seeking or self-love never keeps from practising this salutary judicial severity toward himself is a practical Catholic indeed. "Who is he and we will praise him? for he has done wonderful things in his life."

### Government by Rebellion

**B**Y supposition, America is a land of law and order; a supposition borne out, on the whole, by facts. Our manner of government is, in theory, simple. Our legislative bodies pass ordinances for the good of the community; executives see that they are put in effect; the judiciary applies the sanction. If any of the three functions of government invades what we deem our undoubted rights, we seek constitutional means of relief. That is, if we are good citizens. If we are not, we rebel, and call the rebellion holy. For the fourth function of civil government, sacred to the individual, is rebellion. Some would rank it not fourth, but first. We have progressed since the days of Chief Justice Marshal.

Happily for civilization, this theory has not made much headway in America. At present, it is largely confined to professional criminals, in captivity and at large, and

to associations of the unthinking, such as the Woman's Peace Party of New York. Speaking through Mrs. Amos Pinchot, this organization has denounced the recently approved legislation providing military training in the public schools, as a "crime against the principles of free government." "If no other method can be thought of to cause its repeal," said Mrs. Pinchot, "it is the duty of all school children to protest against its enforcement." To counsel rebellion to school children was a happy thought; but Mrs. Pinchot's plan seems tameness itself when compared with the campaign suggested by the secretary of the Party, Miss Crystal Eastman. "What we need," declared this pugnacious lady, "is a sort of rebellion of those affected by these laws. I suggest a parade of school children, carrying banners stating that they absolutely refuse to obey the law."

The authority denounced by the Woman's Peace Party protects that organization in its corporate existence, its goods, chattels and appurtenances. There are, however, those who hold that the community would profit by the absence of this body. Yet they do not follow the plan advocated by the Peace Party, and counsel a rebellion, ending in the complete destruction of this association. The reason why they do not is plain. They are good citizens, pledged to the ancient principle that ours is a government by law, not by rebellion. When the time comes, they and their representatives may be relied upon to impose a sufficient check upon the rebellious tendencies of the Woman's Peace Party of New York.

#### Infected Magazines

IN a paper on "Magazine Deterioration" contributed by Mr. Frederick W. Faxon to the May *Bulletin of Bibliography*, he deplors "the general lowering of the popular magazine standards," that is a noticeable development of the present time. He writes:

Within the last three years an ever-increasing mass of trashy and oftentimes debasing "literature" has appeared in new magazines. In fact we see two types of story periodicals on all our news-stands today—the poorly written, colorless story, and the "high-life" or "breezy" kind. We are now on the crest of this flood, and our better magazines begin to show its baleful tendencies. . . . [There is an] enormous output of story-magazines at ten cents and fifteen cents a copy, which flaunt their "girlie covers" on news-stands east and west, north and south. A flood of stories cheap, and many worse than cheap, fed to a public that is not reached by the public library. These and the moving-picture magazines seem to the casual observer to be the only periodicals on sale. It is possible the moving-picture craze has caused the demand for such reading. These pernicious monthlies are bought by the thousands, as the tons in the second-hand shops will testify.

In a large proportion of the magazines "everybody is reading" nowadays, the leading stories are those euphemistically styled the "ginger," "snappy," "breezy," or "pepper" type: in other words, stories that are written on purpose to minister to their readers' passion of lust. Carried by the mails to the remotest villages of the land,

these vile magazines are openly displayed on the news-stands and are eagerly read by boys and girls whose hearts and minds are thus permanently stained. As there seems to be no effective way of preventing the circulation and sale of this pernicious literature, parents must ceaselessly strive to keep their children from reading it and it should be rigorously excluded from the home.

#### Findings of the Panama Commissions

THE voluminous reports of the Protestant Panama Conference have been made public. They consist of the findings of eight special commissions whose "expert testimony" deals with every phase of Latin American conditions, social, educational, moral and religious. Their attitude toward the Catholic Church is in general one of unfairness and bitterness. A more kindly tone is assumed, however, by the Commission on "Cooperation and the Promotion of Unity," which at least credits the Church with having been "instrumental in lifting whole communities of barbarians to a higher level of life." How far the repeated attacks upon "the Roman Church" are based upon mere prejudice and incapacity to comprehend her true spirit, it is difficult to say. Even her earliest preaching of the Gospel is described as "a lamentable misrepresentation of true Christianity." We are told that "With notable exceptions its priesthood is discredited by the thinking classes. Its moral life is weak, its spiritual witness faint. At the present time it is giving people neither the Bible, nor the Gospel, nor the intellectual guidance, nor the moral dynamic, nor the social uplift which they need." Its spirit and influence is, in short, found to be "unscriptural and unhealthy." Such "expert" findings are somewhat modified by the eighth Commission, when it recognizes, according to the *Churchman*, that Catholic teaching "has had moral and spiritual value of large benefit," although "the purest streams of thought and life flowed along the northern parallels."

To discuss in detail the accusations brought against the Church in these extensive reports would call for a library of controversy. Abuses doubtless exist. They have existed in the Church from the days of the Apostles. The actual success of the work accomplished varies greatly with the zeal of respective pastors and the response given by the people. But one thing is certain, and that is the inherent sanctity of the Church and the power of her Divinely instituted Sacraments to make the world holier. They have not lost their efficacy in Latin America. It is a perversion of the truth to accuse the Church of not bearing witness to the Gospel, when every letter of the Sacred Book is defended by her against the world and against Protestants themselves who today are denying the fundamental teachings of the Bible and its Divine inspiration.

The old accusations, too, are resuscitated that the Church is a political body and as such is opposed to



democratic institutions. These statements have been answered by Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclicals. A government's form, provided it is not opposed to the law of God, is all a matter of indifference to the Church. The adhesion of individual Catholics, in their capacity as citizens, to one kind of government or another, must not be confused with the attitude of the Church. It neither favors monarchical institutions as such nor opposes democratic governments, but seeks to infuse into both the spirit of Christianity.

The work of the Protestant commissioners will not be without fruit if it arouses the Catholic clergy and people of Latin America to conceive a more intense loyalty to their Divine Faith and to the Sacred Scriptures as handed down to them unchanged from the days of the Apostles. For American Catholics the efforts of the Protestant denominations should be an example, a reminder of the grave duty to enter more actively and zealously into the missionary field and to contribute generously toward the support of our mission workers. Apart from other considerations the example of Protestant generosity should not be lost on us and our own resources should be given more freely to promote the spread of God's Kingdom over all the earth.

## LITERATURE

### Gilbert K. Chesterton's Poetry

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON and the late Henry James are not very often thought of as intellectual or spiritual brothers. And yet there is a startlingly obvious resemblance between these two writers. Both are stylists; both have thoroughly mastered certain peculiar methods of speech, and both are, it must be confessed, hampered by their undeviating loyalty to these methods.

This is not the place to analyze the style of Mr. James. It is sufficient to recall to the reader's mind the fact that the author of "The Golden Bowl" was not concerned so much with the presentation of extraordinary ideas as with the extraordinary presentation of ordinary ideas. And the extraordinariness of his presentation consisted in its thoroughness; he was not content to suggest the thing or to show one aspect of it; he was able, and seemed to feel a certain moral obligation, to present every aspect of the thing, to give all its dimensions, characteristics, origins and possibilities. His method may roughly be indicated by saying that it is the opposite of impressionism.

Gilbert K. Chesterton's method, which is more readily observed and defined in his poetry than in his prose, also consists chiefly of the extraordinary presentation of ordinary ideas. But he does not attempt to give every aspect and shading of an idea. Rather he attempts to present that aspect of an idea which, while true, is sufficiently unusual to surprise the reader; the theory being that the attention attracted by the unusualness will be held by the truth.

This method is admirably suited to the uses of fiction, as "The Ball and the Cross" and "The Man Who Was Thursday" show. It is effective in debate, and in controversial essays on matters ethical and political, as is shown by the writings of Mr. Chesterton himself and of that school of popular apologetics which he may be said to have founded. In poetry it is sometimes almost magically effective, and sometimes grotesquely inappropriate. The perfect, and most lamentable, example of the use of

this method is to be found in a poem called "E. C. B.," which appears in the volume called "The Wild Knight." In this serious and, for the most part, beautiful poem, Mr. Chesterton tells us that because of the virtue of one man, evidently Mr. Edmund Clerihew Bentley, he finds something to love in every man. Bentley is a man, he says, therefore, for Bentley's sake no man is to be hated. For the sake of Bentley's humanity, Chesterton says that he loves every one, the murderer, the hypocrite, even—and this is the great climax—himself.

I should say, this was to be his great climax. But the method seizes him, and keeps him from saying anything so strongly simple as "I love myself." Instead, he says:

I love the man I saw but now  
Hanging head downwards in the well.

But in justice to Mr. Chesterton it should be said that "E. C. B." is an early poem written before the poet had found "Marriage and a Creed." For it is pleasant to see that, unlike Henry James, Chesterton has been steadily mastering his style, mastering it so thoroughly that he can lay it aside when it is inappropriate. He lays it aside, for instance, in some of the most passionate and effective chapters of "The Crimes of England." And he lays it aside in such of his writings as best deserve the name of poetry.

There are delightful things in "The Wild Knight." The symbolism of the title poem is so extravagant that in spite of some sonorous blank verse, and some radiant imaginings, this little verse-play must be regarded rather as a boyish *tour de force* rather than as a contribution to literature. But "The Ballad of the Battle of Gibeon" is a splendid thing, full of the thunder of crashing arms, of courage and of faith. It is the sort of ballad that would have made Macaulay envious. In this book, too, are "The Donkey," a restrained and powerful poem, and "Gold Leaves," which is ingeniously lovely, and "Modern Elf-Land," which is a poetic rendition of the novel "Manalive," and "A Christmas Carol," which is not the less beautiful because in the last two lines Mr. Chesterton unconsciously echoes Elizabeth Barrett Browning's:

The tropic flowers looked up to it,  
The tropic stars looked down.

There are, I have said, delightful things in the book which is called "The Wild Knight." But it is a book of experiments; it is the work of a man conscious of his own ingenuity and artistry. It lacks, for the most part, that spontaneity which is characteristic of poetry. That spontaneity we find in the later volume, the volume called simply "Poems." Here are a keener wit, a truer music, even a bolder fancy than in Mr. Chesterton's earlier verses, and here is almost great and noble passion, no longer hampered by fetters of paradox. The paradox is here, of course, but it is used, it does not use the writer. The verbal dexterity no longer obtrudes itself.

Some of the poems in this book have been so widely quoted that they seem already to be classics. There are the two war poems, for example. No poet, not even Verhaeren, has presented Belgium's case against Germany more forcefully, more conclusively than it is presented in "The Wife of Flanders." And in "Blessed are the Peacemakers," Mr. Chesterton speaks with the authority of the true poet for all those Englishmen, pro-Boers, anti-Imperialists, Democrats, who have found in their country's war against Germany a national cause which they can whole-heartedly support.

"Lepanto" is a better martial ballad than "Gibeon," and that is saying a great deal. The ballades are irresistible in their keen satire and rollicking humor. Better than any other writer of our day, Mr. Chesterton knows how to drive his rapier of rhyme to the very heart of hypocrisy. His "Anti-Christ, or the Re-union of Christendom" will be remembered long after Mr. F. E. Smith, who had the misfortune to inspire it, has passed

into oblivion. Incidentally it may be remarked that some of the shrewd thrusts of "The Shakespeare Memorial" seem to find appropriate targets among the New Yorkers now engaged in celebrating the Shakespearian Tercentenary.

But the poem which most thoroughly justifies its author's claim to the title of poet is "The House of Christmas." This is indeed the beautiful expression of a beautiful impression; it has in every line the unmistakable glow of noble poetry; it is musical, imaginative, direct, and it is passionately Christian. It is the sort of thing which makes it easy to understand why many people, including, it is said, Mrs. Chesterton, believe that this great humorist, this formidable debater, this brilliant novelist, this sound critic, this accomplished essayist, is, before and above all other things, a poet.

JOYCE KILMER.

### REVIEWS

**The Life of the First Duke of Newcastle and Other Writings.** By MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$0.35.

The fact that this seventeenth-century book has found a place in "Everyman's Library" is largely due, no doubt, to Charles Lamb's fondness for the eccentric author. To him she is "the thrice noble, chaste and virtuous—but somewhat fantastical and original-brained, generous Margaret Newcastle." Pepys, on the other hand, records in his renowned diary that she is "a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman," whose husband is "an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." Though authorities thus differ about the character of the Duchess, this quaint biography, nevertheless is very amusing reading. She never meant it to be precisely that, however, for there never lived a more serious, naive and "philosophical" author than Margaret Newcastle. Her admiration for the Duke's moral and literary gifts for example, is quite unbounded. She says of him:

As for my husband, I know him to have the valour of Cæsar, the fancy and wit of Ovid, and the tragical, especially comical art of Shakespeare; in truth, he is as far beyond Shakespeare for comical humour as Shakespeare beyond an ordinary poet in that way; also he is the best heroick poet in this age, nay in my judgment, in any, for I have seen him make twenty songs upon one theme or subject, as musick, and not one song like another; and for comedies, he hits or meets, or imitates the humours of men so justly, as he seems to go even with Nature. Indeed he is such a person, that I glory more to be his wife, than Livia to be Augustus's wife, or had I been Titus's wife.

Of her mother's high qualities she speaks with similar enthusiasm, and gives this glowing description of the perfections her own brothers and sisters had:

She was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love, and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or a giant-like stature, but everyways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexions, brown haire, but some lighter than others, sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices, I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have: neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tuneable and timely.

Who would not have enjoyed meeting such a beauteous and melodious family! But without question the fair Margaret was the bright, particular star in this galaxy of brave sons and lovely daughters, for does not she herself catalogue for us her most striking virtues? And who should know them better than their owner?

As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy;

and I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them; also I am tender natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul; also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang about them as a trouble but to wait upon them as a servant, but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws; yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment to my life, for fear any evil misfortune or accident or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never receive a curtesie but I am impatient, and troubled until I can return it; also I am chaste, both by nature and education insomuch as I do abhorre an unchaste thought.

One reason, perhaps, that her Grace's contemporaries considered Duchess Margaret queer and eccentric, was because she proved such a loving and faithful wife, for such women were not in great favor at the court of Charles II. W. D.

**Christian Feminism: a Charter of Rights and Duties.** By MARGARET FLETCHER. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$0.20.

**Feminism: Its Fallacies and Follies.** By Mr. and Mrs. JOHN MARTIN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Everybody is sufficiently interested in the movement called feminism to want to take sides. One cannot as a matter of fact be neutral. Not to be with the feminist is to be against her. What side shall we take? Margaret Fletcher's pamphlet, which is the seventh of a series of manuals edited by the Catholic Social Guild, undertakes to decide this question. She sets the whole issue on the plane of the law of God, where it belongs, and bases all her subsequent conclusions on a chapter called "Principles," which are only the well-known declarations indeed of the universal law of morality. Armed with such principles, the author is ready to determine what is needed in the present laws of England to give back to womankind her most ancient birthright, true equality of justice with man. "Can we sum up in one sentence," she asks, "the principle upon which we as Catholics take our stand? I think we can. While in the moral sphere woman is the equal of man and her position identical with his, in the physical sphere her case is separate, and the only way in which justice can be done is so to arrange the conditions of her physical life as to leave her moral freedom intact." This little book is not a bundle of theory only. Readers can find in it the present position of women, as affected by civil law, set forth clearly and the origin of this position traced definitely back through history. Readers are also shown how false is the exaggerated feminism that receives the notice of the world, and they are cautioned against allying themselves with movements that, identical indeed with Christian feminism in some aims, differ radically from it in convictions and ultimate ambitions. The style of the book deserves especial mention for its precision, vigor and persuasiveness.

"Feminism: Its Fallacies and Follies" is an excellent example of how one may hurt a good cause by a poor argument. The aim of the two authors, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, each of whom writes a half of the volume, is to show the absurdities of the feminist movement, meaning, of course, the exaggerated tendencies of the ultra-feminists. Their aim is of course good. But their whole argument considers the question of feminism chiefly as a political or economic theory rather than as a moral or ethical question. They give considerable information about the demands of the leaders of the movement in many countries, and for this the book is worth while. But the authors have no solid principles of human life with which to combat such errors. Mr. Martin would substitute for feminism the ideal of humanism. And it is hard to choose between them. Feminism has at least



the advantage of being definite and practical, while Mr. Martin's false ideal of humanism is vague and sentimental. Just to show the absurdities into which his baseless convictions force him, the author professes his belief in birth control and the ideals of eugenics, because forsooth his plan of humanism permits such conclusions.

J. P. M.

**A Thousand Years of Russian History.** By SONIA E. HOWE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

This is a book inspired by the world-war, without, however, being in any way concerned with the war. Consequently it will be read with interest long after the roar of guns and the passions of combatants have been hushed in the silence of the coming peace. It was an ambitious project to undertake to narrate in 420 pages the history of the largest and most complex empire of Europe. Within such limits thoroughness is impossible, yet the story is well told and keeps the reader's interest to the close; for the style is clear, the facts selected are fully grasped and the writer is in full sympathy with her subject. The student misses, however, just those points he would like to see emphasized: an account, for instance, of the various peoples, tribes, and tongues the Russian Empire embraces; of the means by which the unity that prevails under the Czars was effected; a fuller description of the peculiarities which make Russia so different from other European nations and from other Slavic peoples. Chapters on the Cossacks, the Baltic Provinces, Poland, and Finland supply useful information about these peoples who have not yet been amalgamated, but others are left out of consideration. The period from 862 to 1612 is covered by sixty-four pages which have to do with the establishment and growth of the central Russian power, its temporary eclipse by the Tartars and its reestablishment on a firmer base than ever, despite a period of anarchy and threatened dissolution. Nothing could be better or more clearly said about those events, though the account is lacking in comprehensive treatment. On the coming of the Romanoffs to power the author broadens out and becomes more diffuse. Of course her sources of information grow more abundant on account of Russia's contact with Western nations. But it is just here that we do not stand in need of a new book. The facts are ready at hand in the ordinary histories. The author takes no pains to hide her religious bias, and displays the usual ignorance of Protestants regarding the Latin Church and the ubiquitous Jesuit, who is always a plotter to those who know nothing about him.

P. J. D.

**Kitchener's Mob: the Adventures of an American in the British Army.** By JAMES NORMAN HALL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Most of its readers will doubtless vote this the best war-book that has yet appeared. A young American with the gift of literary expression tells a vivid story of his adventures from the time he joined "Kitchener's Mob," in the summer of 1914, until he found himself fighting in the trenches last fall. First the humors and rigors of his year's training in England are graphically described. One day when the author and his fellow-recruits had made what they considered a particularly brilliant charge, the umpire indignantly exclaimed: "My word! You've made a beastly mess of it! . . . Three batteries of field artillery and four machine guns have blown you to blazes! You haven't a man left!" Respect for his enemies was one of the first lessons Private Hall was forced to learn, as he had come to the firing line full of absurd newspaper stories about the German soldier's inferiority. His description of the horrors of trench fighting, "of the tremendous sadness and awful futility of war," while artistically restrained, are always strik-

ing. He is full of admiration for the courage of the Cockney soldiers whom he learned to know so well. Their religious needs, however, were neglected. "Our chaplain was a devout man," attests the author, "but prudent to a fault. Never to my knowledge did he visit us in the trenches." We have yet to hear of a Catholic chaplain in any of the armies shirking his duty.

W. D.

**The Church in the City.** By FREDERIC DELAND LEETE, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: The Abingdon Press. \$1.50.

Bishop Leete is to be congratulated on making the best of a weak case; yet few books expose more completely the hollowness of the Protestant system, with its inability to meet modern conditions, than this professed defense of the Protestant organization in the large city. Repudiating the principle of a supreme authority and rejecting the Sacraments, Protestantism can neither exact an unswerving loyalty to its teachings, nor lead its followers to these Divinely-appointed means of grace. What hold it retains upon the multitude must, therefore, be effected by means of human devising. Judging from the printed reports of many metropolitan churches, it is often difficult to see in what essential points these presumably Christian organizations differ from the modern synagogue, the moving-picture theater, or the lecture-hall of the Ethical Culture Society. It is indeed to Dr. Leete's credit, that he protests against the "unspiritual tone" and mountebank methods of certain Protestant pulpits, and that he condemns without reserve the growing practice of making "soup-kitchens, gymnasiums, works of physical healing, social and political reforms" do duty as religion. His position, too, on the influence which the clergy should exercise over the amusements of the young is in general, sound, although it is impossible to second his approval of the statement credited to Jane Addams, that "recreation alone can stifle the lust for vice," nor, without a careful distinction, the further claim that athletic games are "a practical means of grace."

It is unpleasant to note that Dr. Leete is not a stranger to the practice of suggesting certain base charges incapable of proof, and that he never refers to the Catholic Church, except by an opprobrious party-name. Passing over the question of truth and Christian charity, it may be said that Dr. Leete's wide experience "in five city churches" seems to have left him somewhat deficient in elementary courtesy.

P. L. B.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In his introduction to "Adventures in Common Sense" (Lane, \$1.00) Dr. Frank Crane explains that he gave up, at forty-eight, the Congregationalist ministry because he realized that "my Maker had intended me for an Outsider." So he became a journalist whose mission in life was to make the "dead essay" a "living thing." The eighty or more cleverly written editorials that fill this volume are characterized, for the most part, by that false superficial philosophy of life that appeals to the so-called "man in the street" and contain not a few historical errors. Those who are eager to grow great in soul are advised to repeat thoughtfully every day such words as "stars," "mountain," "ocean," "tree" and "more." One of the best papers in the volume is written "In Praise of Laziness," for the author shows that many of our modern conveniences were born of mankind's aversion to hard work.

The Encyclopedia Press, 23 East Forty-first Street, New York, will publish early next fall a "Memorial Volume" of the late Andrew J. Shipman's writings and lectures. His

schoolmate, Condé B. Pallen, will edit the book and contribute a sketch of the author. As Dr. Shipman was an admirable type of the Catholic layman and a high authority on the languages, customs and liturgies of Eastern Europe, his many friends will doubtless be glad to secure a copy of the forthcoming work—The six "best sellers" for April have already been noticed in AMERICA. They are these: "Seventeen," "Just David," "Nan of Music Mountain," "The Real Adventure," "Life and Gabriella" and "Held to Answer."

Dr. Washington Gladden's "A Book for Graduates" (Macmillan, \$1.25) shows that he is possessed of a wise and understanding heart and commands an experience in authorship and pastorate alike that extends over some fifty years. The subject of his eleven essays are those moral topics which have tried the minds of all true "Ecclesiasts" since the first and wisest of them began his speculations. The author's conclusions too are theirs; while his processes display the insight, mellowness and moderation to be expected from so long a career. In his essays "What For?" and "What Is Worth While?" he observes that the purpose of man is "service and sacrifice . . . sowing the earth with light and gladness." And here he rests his inquiry, so that his philosophy seems to be too natural and at bottom insufficient. There is a relish, though, in what he says of actual living, that "its perfection" is "in its relations," "in giving as well as receiving."

Since public speaking is assuming so definite a position in the English course, many textbooks have been prepared for the sole purpose, apparently, of developing orators. The central idea, however, of John M. Brewer's "Oral English" (Ginn, \$1.00) is to fit a student for the many occasions in life when he will be called upon to express himself with force and simplicity before an audience great or small, in business, social or public gatherings. The book, accordingly, takes up the various elements that enter into effective speaking; practical precepts concerning a vocabulary, the divisions of the speech, and style are clearly enunciated; valuable hints are also suggested in regard to the speaker's appearance and voice development and control. Since the manual is designed for speaking in all its branches, speeches for special occasions are thoroughly but not exhaustively treated. The chapters on "Debates and Parliamentary Law" are especially commendable; likewise the appendices on the method of conducting a mock trial or political convention. Since the book is practical in purpose, numerous exercises and topics for speaking, adapted to almost every age, are interspersed.

Here are some little books of piety: "Devotions from Ancient and Mediæval Sources (Western)" (Longmans, \$1.75) is a collection of Catholic prayers that the Rev. Charles Plummer has translated and arranged for the use of Ritualists. He has gone through a number of Missals, Breviaries, Sacramentaries and Pontificals, and omitting passages that are "at variance with the teaching or practice of the English Church," selects what will eke out "the poverty, not to say destitution of our own Book." For the "spirit of prayer," as the compiler naively remarks, "harmonizes the devotions of different branches of the Church of Christ." The publication of such books as this ought to make Catholics better appreciate the beauty of our liturgical prayers.—Father Thomas McGrath has prepared an attractive little "Prayer Book for Boy Scouts" (Kenedy, \$0.35 and \$0.15). Half its pages tell how the Boy Scout can supernaturalize the virtues that are considered peculiarly his, and the rest of the book contains the prayers he needs to say.—"The Mirror of

Justice" (Benziger, \$0.30), by Robert Eaton of the Birmingham Oratory, is made up of fifteen short sermons on Our Lady's feasts and ends with a good homily on the Magnificat.

"He Kept It White," by F. J. Finn, S.J. (\$1.40 a hundred), "Little Peter," by Albert Bessières, S.J. (\$0.75 a hundred), "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," by J. F. Weir, S.J. (\$0.75 a hundred), are three charming little stories in pamphlet form which Father Finn, of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, has on sale. He announces that 20,000 copies of the first have already been published. This is an encouraging beginning, but the story should be put in the hands of every Catholic boy or girl in the country. Father Finn never wrote a story which does not convey a moral lesson, and the popularity of his books for boys shows that he has the gift of making real piety attractive to the youthful mind. His characters are typical boys owing to a relish for noise, football, base-hits and dog-fights; good, but by no means "goody-goody." To adapt a judgment passed by Coventry Patmore on the Saints, "They simply do what most respectable boys do, but from an entirely different motive." Father Finn purposes to show that the source which gives this motive vitality is prayer and the Sacraments. More than one teacher has noted the influence of "He Kept It White," in drawing his pupils to a more frequent reception of the Sacraments. The other pamphlets are described by Father Finn as "The best stories I have been able to discover on the question of Holy Communion and children. Both stories are marvelous; both stories are true."

In Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Battle and Other Poems" (Macmillan, \$1.25), there are no finer lines than this bit of word-painting entitled "The Ice-cart":

Perched on my city office stool,  
I watched with envy while a cool  
And lucky carter handled ice . . .  
And I was wandering, in a trice,  
Far from the gray and grimy heat  
Of that intolerable street,  
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,  
Beneath the still, cold, ruby glow  
Of everlasting polar night,  
Bewildered by the queer half-light,  
Until I stumbled, unawares,  
Upon a creek where big white bears  
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels  
And floundered after shining seals  
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.  
And as I watched them, ere I knew  
I'd stript, and I was swimming, too,  
Among the seal-pack, young and hale,  
And thrusting on with thrashing tail,  
With twist and twirl and sudden leap,  
Through crackling ice and salty deep—  
Diving and doubling with my kind,  
Until, at last, we left behind  
Those big, white, blundering bulks of death,  
And lay, at length, with panting breath  
Upon a far, untraveled floe  
Beneath a gentle drift of snow—  
Snow drifting gently, fine and white,  
Out of the endless polar night,  
Falling and falling evermore  
Upon that far, untraveled shore,  
Till I was buried fathoms deep  
Beneath that cold, white drifting sleep—  
Sleep drifting deep,  
Deep drifting sleep. . . .

There is not much poetry in the author's war-verses, but the seven little plays dealing with English rural life will remind readers of his "Daily Bread."—"A Song of the Guns" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$0.50) is made up of eight spirited poems, composed while the author, Gilbert Frankau, R.S.A., was fighting in Belgium. "We are the guns and your masters!" is the keynote of the little book. Machines, rather than men, win battles today.



## EDUCATION

## III—Going to College

I DO not believe that the question of a college youth's education is a matter for fault-finding; there is really nobody to find fault with. The college professors try to do their part in developing in the students a cultivated outlook upon life; the fathers and mothers of the boys, their critical faculties lulled, perhaps, by parental love, seem for the most part rather satisfied with the four years' progress; the boys themselves, happy in the friendships made in the years when the heart beats fullest, are conscious of no regrets. *Ave atque vale* sums up the whole incident of college life. Between the hail and the farewell is that long bridge of happiness, and beyond the parting is the voice of memory, cadent in its whisperings and tender in its song.

I have been speaking of the *average* college student attending the *average* American college, of the larger number of youths in the process of becoming Bachelors of Art. But in every group there are frequently variations from the type; in every community there is often a strong and active minority that succeeds in making itself felt. And while it is undoubtedly true that the larger number who enter the college doors do not finally go forth with an adequate grasp on life's activities, with carefully trained powers of discrimination between the best things and the things that are second-best, with such a knowledge of first principles that success in life will be one with success in living, *there* is not the entire picture nor the story complete. There have always been, as everybody knows, boys at college who have had that particular kind of sense of humor to know that life, even college life, is not solely a humorous undertaking; they have returned home from their four years' absence with hearts open and minds full; and they have been able to translate the Latin on the symbolic parchment without sighing in remorse over the sentiments engraved thereon.

## THE INTELLECTUAL LEADERS

It is one of the good signs of the times that this class of students is increasing, and becoming more and more considerable as a factor in determining the tone of academic life. There is a noticeably growing disposition on the part of the rank and file of the students to love the victor in intellectual competition no less than to respect him; to consider the medal winner in physics a hero no less than the ranking player in golf; to feel as warm a fellow-affection for the clever verse-writer as for the tennis champion; to offer the brilliant debater a fraternity not a whit different in kind from that accorded to the member of the crew. This condition of things up to a comparatively recent time has been the exception rather than the rule. Intellectual leaders in college have always been held as heroes, as supermen, but not as heroes or supermen of the flesh and blood that asked kinship with the crowd. By a few, more hedonistic than the rest, they have been thought even to hold communion with the gods, to possess in some superior, Miltonic way the gift of forgetting themselves to marble, and incidentally of forgetting that the conventional way of walking through this world is with the feet set firmly on the ground.

The perceptible change in college public opinion is a healthy one; and it is due in no little measure to the gradual growth of the yet small group of youths to whom college is vastly more than four years of clubdom. It is due, too, to the fact that the man of mind has challenged the man of muscle at his own game. There is no longer a necessarily truthful antithesis between the scholar and the athlete; you might have read in this morning's paper of the prowess of a noted half mile runner of a New England college, who is also editor of the monthly literary magazine.

Brain and sinew and bone are more harmoniously developed than in the days of old.

## REASONS FOR VIGOR

One is tempted to refrain from inquiring too closely into the reasons for the appearance of a new vigor and a quickened mental buoyancy in college life; a fear arises that the phenomenon may prove to be ephemeral and occasional, and that the old intellectual ptomaines cannot be permanently banished by antidote. But we must be more hopeful than that; desirable results must have adequate causes; and we should very much dislike to feel that the causes themselves may lack the principle of life and growth. It may be that college teachers are less detached from the realities of life than some people think them once to have been; it may be that fathers and mothers in their parental love include a larger measure of intelligent interest; it may be that the period of muck-raking, a diversion not quite so popular as it was, has imbued the youth of America with a stronger feeling of responsibility, with a finer set of ideals, with a truer moral standard. But all this is a story in itself, and the whole truth we know not yet.

## HIGH IDEALS FOR ALL

We should like to believe that the day may come when all boys who go to college will go for a real education; to seek the means of a fuller mental development, to strive for the perfection of physical hardihood, to pursue the quest of the things that bring the fairest peace to the heart and the highest glory to the soul. We should like to believe that a time will come when every winner of the Bachelor's degree will know the chronicle of history, the expression of literature, the evolution of art, the development of science, and be able to interpret the facts of the past as elements in the growth of civilization; when he will have such a grasp of right principles in logic and ethics that he will be able to think with precision, and to apply his knowledge with a well-ordered mentality to the problems of individual and public life; when he will realize, moreover, that to be sound in mind demands of him to be well in body, and that to despise physical exercise and play and recreation is the road to inefficiency; when, as a result of a wide cultivation of his sympathies, he will possess an easy *savoir faire* in the society of his fellows; when he will without condescension be tolerant of those who in ignorance differ from his just opinions, or who in prejudice combat them; when he will without impatience listen to the views of those who enjoy superior wisdom; when he will have a gentle forbearance toward those who are less gifted or less fortunate than he; when he will be aware that the heart of man is no less to be trained than the intellect, and that most of the greater achievements of men have had their impulse from the longings and enthusiasms of the heart; when he will realize that to be kind to one's fellowman, to be faithful to one's best ideals, to be true to one's conscientious interpretation of God's will is the only way of life that will give satisfaction to the soul.

All students strive for some of these ends, and a small number for all of them; we should like to believe that the day is not distant when a large majority of our college youth will look upon the culture of the whole man as the most wonderful adventure and the most joyful search in the world; when the phrase to be a gentleman and a scholar will assume a larger meaning and a finer significance than it has today. But that day will be a long time on its way; it may, indeed, never come. Youth is too full of wonderment, of illusion, of thoughtlessness, of youth. *Si jeunesse savait*—ah, there would be no need of going to college then; and perhaps it makes life seem happier to be a little less full of the wisdom of some things when we are young, and a little more eager of boyish romance and questioning and surprise.

## THE WINDOW OF LIFE

Perhaps we ask too much of college; perhaps, in some degree, at least, it is only in the retrospect that the college years seem to need a tonic. More than one of us remember those nights of old when through our half-open dormitory windows would come the distant echoes of the town. They were little sounds from the outer world, detached, fragmentary, meaningless in themselves, but they somehow filled us with the love of quest and ambition and high emprise; they told us of a mysterious life that was waiting for us; and they led one's imagination through long avenues uncharted and little lanes unlighted by the lamp of experience. Well, probably college years will always be somewhat like that; the window of life will be but half open, and life's voice will hardly be full. Youth must be served, but it also must wait. And the prayer of wisdom is that it wait not with idle soul and empty hands.

## THE END OF THE JOURNEY

We had nearly reached the journey's end; we were almost home. The lights of the great city had been multiplying as we came closer and closer, and now we were in the heart of the metropolis. We stepped from the train at the marble station and went out into the brilliant streets. The ways were thronged, and I knew that restaurants were filled and that the theaters would soon be crowded. The peace and repose of West Point seemed very far away; the towers, and the sleeping parade grounds, and the high hills watching through the night. But as I mingled with the multitude of the city, where every man is a dreamer and every man a soldier of fortune, I felt how much oftener the dreams would come true and the battles bring victory, if all these men and women had the unswerving devotion to ideals and the fine purpose of attainment that stamp with a large heroism the nation's defenders at West Point. This devotion, this purpose, this strengthening of the fibers of American character, this conservation of the things that quicken man's body and man's soul, is the work of the American college. America will be blest when she fully realizes what this really means, when she is ready through her colleges to give her sons and daughters not only what is pleasant, but what is salutary, when she is anxious to teach them that man does not live by bread alone, and that the end of life is not the glitter of gold. To be truly great, a nation, like an individual, must be willing to pay the price, even to the uttermost farthing.

JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.

## SOCIOLOGY

## Is Charity Work a Sinecure?

**A** REPORT of the New York School of Philanthropy estimates that there are more than 4,000 men and women in New York City making their living in social work supported by private philanthropy. One social worker is paid \$10,000 a year, eight others receive \$5,000 or more, and the salaries of 758 subordinates aggregate \$859,000. "If the workers who did not make returns are earning at the same rate, New York is spending more than \$4,000,000 a year in salaries to those engaged in dispensing its private charities."

Commenting upon these figures the *New York World* sarcastically remarks that this is surely an excellent record for a comparatively young industry. "Conceived of as a white-collar charity for the support of deserving persons looking for an occupation that is entirely respectable and not arduous, organized social work is an admirable institution. It is something to provide for the financial needs of 4,000 citizens annually." In respect to results in the way of direct social service and humanitarian efficiency, the *World* some-

what cynically adds that estimates of the net profit accruing to society from the lavish expenditure for social work are not so easy, "after the disbursements have been made for rents, furnishings, salaries for managers, supervisors, agents, inspectors, stenographers, expenses for stationery, postage and what not."

## THREE CLASSES OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORKERS

How, we naturally ask, does all this apply to the charity dispensed by the Catholic Church through its institutions and individual workers? There are three classes of social workers in the Church: the religious consecrated to the service of their neighbor and of God; the Catholic laymen and women who without any monetary recompense devote themselves to charity according to the measure of their possibilities and the time allowed them; and finally an almost insignificantly small class of salaried social workers who give their whole energy exclusively to organized charity work.

The religious receive no salary in the proper sense of the word. They are devoting their lives to this labor of love with absolutely no personal returns except the bread they eat and the lodging that shelters them in common with those entrusted to their care. The houses they build, the donations they receive, the means they secure by arduous labor and self-sacrifice, are all devoted entirely to the service of the poor, the suffering and the unfortunate, in whom they gladly serve Christ, their Lord. The second class of Catholic social workers are no less unselfish in their labors for the afflicted members of Christ and no less noble in their ideals, though they cannot give their entire lives exclusively to the twofold service of religion and charity. They represent the great body of Catholic laymen and women who, individually or through organized efforts, are going about doing good and dispensing blessings, after the model of the Good Samaritan and the Divine Healer of the souls and bodies of men. They give liberally, not merely of their means, but of themselves. Such is the work of that magnificent organization, the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

## CATHOLIC SALARIED AGENTS

There are instances, lastly, where salaried social workers are employed to perform duties that call for such undivided attention as can only be given by men who make this service their life-work, yet for good reasons cannot serve without some remuneration. These workers are a very few in number and worthy of their hire. The general purpose in calling for their help is not to relieve Catholics from the task of personally interesting themselves in the poor and the afflicted, but rather to make this personal attention more fruitful and to prevent all interruptions in the systematic service of those urgently in need of assistance. The remuneration of these social workers is not likely to be extravagantly large. Their lives too may be filled with the purest supernatural motives. Their labor is highly honorable and can be made most salutary for the spiritual as well as the bodily welfare of the neighbor. Indeed, to be truly Catholic, it must always keep both these ends clearly in view.

## MR. ROCKEFELLER'S TESTIMONY

There is little possibility of sinecures in Catholic organized charity. There is no "middleman" in the field. The alms dispensed are given almost directly to the poor, since expenses are everywhere reduced to the minimum. Unprejudiced testimony to this effect has been given by Mr. Rockefeller in the *Saturday Evening Post*, as follows:

Just here it occurs to me to testify to the fact that the Roman Catholic Church, as I have observed in my experience, has advanced a long way in this direction (i. e. in the direction of efficient service for the welfare of our



neighbor in the cause of charity). I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns, and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid service done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the organization of the Roman Church secure better results with a given sum of money than other church organizations are accustomed to secure from the same expenditure. I speak of this merely to point out the value of the principle of organization, in which I believe so heartily. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the centuries of experience which the Church of Rome has gone through to perfect a great power of organization.

#### WASTEFUL METHODS

While, therefore, there is much point in the application of an editorial remark made in the *New York World*, as applied to many non-Catholic private charity organizations and perhaps no less when applied to our public administration of charity funds, there can be no reasonable application made of it to private Catholic charity. The *World* says:

It is clear that the middleman furnishes the same problem for philanthropy as for regular forms of industry. Here again the point is to bring the producer in closer touch with the consumer and effect economies of distribution which are impossible under the present wasteful methods. Private charity in particular has much to gain from the abolition of sinecures and the elimination of extravagance.

#### CATHOLIC EFFICIENCY EXPERTS

The ideal of charity was never more closely approached than in those "Dark Ages" when "the economics of distribution which are impossible under the present wasteful system," outside the Catholic Church, actually did exist. There is apparently need of efficiency experts in organized charity "to put it on a Taylor system," the News Letter of the American Federation of Labor suggests. There has never been a more efficient "Taylor system" than that voluntarily employed by many of the religious orders in the Ages of Faith, and no less skilfully applied by them in our own day, though with less ample support. The "Reformers" realized the efficiency of Catholic charity work in their day, as clearly as does Mr. Rockefeller in ours. Only with the suppression of the monasteries and the confiscation of their goods, which were the dower of the poor, did pauperism first appear and lift its hideous head in Christian lands.

Slowly the world is perceiving the truth of all this. A full understanding of it can only come when the parrot school of history, whose methods consist in ceaselessly repeating the same ancient slanders, a school particularly popular among present-day sociologists, has been replaced by a scientific and honest investigation of facts and a deeper and truer knowledge of the past.

Non-Christian organized charity, public or private, and non-Christian schools of philanthropy neglect the most necessary part in the training of social workers. They overlook the spiritual element, which even a non-Catholic writer describes as the most important of all factors. The social worker must be deeply imbued with the realities of the supernatural life, if he would properly fulfill his responsible task of ministering to the poor and the afflicted, if he would bring back order out of chaos, if he would restore to Christian life a disorganized family.

"The threads of the spiritual, the social, and the material so intricately cross and recross each other in our nature that it is seldom that one can mend rents in the pattern without catching up the broken ends of all three." Profound religious convictions and high supernatural motives are the first conditions of true and lasting charity work.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

A beautiful example for Catholic women is given by a Chicago lady. In memory of a son whom God in His goodness took to Himself she makes it her sweet occupation to mother as many of the poor, neglected little ones as she can receive into her house. Three of her own children are still left to her, yet the children of the tenements are hardly less her own. These she herself clothes and feeds and cares for in her home. Sick little ones are nursed by her and returned to their parents in good health. Others are legally adopted as her own. Needless to say, she finds no time for club life or the frivolities of social events. The complaint of "empty hands" will never be heard from her. There are many Catholics able to confer the benefits of a good home on one or more such little ones, through whom they would receive into their midst the Babe of Bethlehem. We are told of a Catholic family where a child is adopted for every baby born into the family. In this as in every other form of charity, the Catholic poor of Catholic countries have shown themselves the most generous.

At no time, perhaps, are the cruelty and horror of war more keenly realized than when trainloads of maimed and wrecked humanity return as wastage from the fields of battle. Then the sadness and the pity of it all become appalling. William T. Martin, who witnessed the home-coming of the *grands blessés* in Paris, released from their foreign prison camps at the Holy Father's mediation, attempts to describe such a scene. In one of the glimpses given us we behold a mother anxiously seeking for her son among the new arrivals. Suddenly with a shriek she faints. She has recognized her boy. As she recovers from her shock she throws her arms about his neck:

He stands on one leg and a wire substitute for the other. An arm clasped about the waist of the woman is handless. The soldier, he is very tall, bends over the woman stiffly and gives her a long, passionate kiss. I shall never forget the look on his face. It is a smile, full of pain concealed, but a smile, and therein is written a knowledge of the dream of youth gone and the earnest ambitions of a little more than a year ago crushed forever. The woman is very happy, for he was long dead and is alive.

Other scenes, no less pitiful and even more soul-harrowing follow:

A soldier holds his sweetheart but sees her not, for he is blind forever, so he feels her face and smiles. A woman rushes into a soldier's arms and suddenly recoils to make doubly sure of his identity. Part of his face has been shot away. But he can see, and he stands up and throws his arms about her. He can only mumble indistinctly from a semblance of a mouth. But he does his best.

So the tale continues, too sad indeed for words. Yet men will blindly clamor for war where compromise or arbitration, a little patience or tolerance, might save thousands and millions of lives. A venal press agitates the people, brings pressure to bear upon rulers and politicians, misrepresents and exaggerates, intensifies disagreements and prevents attempts at reconciliation. So the stage is set for the dismal tragedy. Even a handful of capitalists and agitators may suffice to drive a nation into war and misery where there is no need for either.

Our Catholic schools no longer call for a defense such as was once deemed necessary. Their success has become their own best eulogy. Pitted against the public schools our institutions bring the highest credit to the Sisters and Brothers who teach in them. In a city-wide essay contest recently conducted by the *Cleveland Press* thirteen out of twenty-five prizes went to the pupils of parochial schools. In another contest conducted in the same city by the *Leader* four out of six prizes were awarded to pupils of Catholic schools; the first prize itself being included among their trophies. The *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

spelling contest had similarly been won by the "Brothers' School" each time the contest was held. This year "A Current Topics Bee" was substituted for the spelling. The contesting pupils of the schools of Brooklyn were placed upon the stage of the Academy of Music and made to face a densely crowded hall. Just 331 questions covering current history, politics, the Mexican difficulties and matters of purely local import were asked in quick succession. The winner of the bee was Clarence Smith of St. Francis' Preparatory School. "Comparing the Hay bill with the Chamberlain bill, which provided the larger measure of 'preparedness'?" and "How could the British House of Commons force the British Cabinet to resign?" are samples of the problems given to the students. Out of 331 questions 255 were answered without hesitation. As another instance of the proficiency developed in our Catholic schools, the winning of the school championship of typewriting, of the New York City metropolitan district by St. Leonard's Academy of Brooklyn may finally be mentioned. No school which cannot present fifteen pupils able to maintain a net speed of over thirty words a minute for fifteen minutes of the contest is admitted to this test. The extraordinary work of the Brothers' class is thus summed up by the *New York Globe*:

Brother Gerard's boys last year maintained an average net speed of 38.45, and this year of 38.44, lost none through disqualification, and made a total of 1,438 points out of a possible total of 1,500, exactly the total they made last year. This gave St. Leonard's a lead of 69.16 points over its nearest competitor, Wood's School, and the championship for 1916.

The pennant for the championship for the evening schools was likewise won by the team from St. Leonard's Academy Evening School. The contests were held at the Merchants' and Bankers' School, New York.

A unique set of tables has been prepared by the United States Census Bureau, which are said to be the first of their kind. They show the death rate and "expectation of life" at all ages for an area comprising eleven States. Though similar to the "life tables" prepared by life insurance companies, they differ from them inasmuch as they relate to the entire population of the area covered, whereas the former concern those only who apply for insurance and relate to the risks incurred only. One of the remarkable facts clearly established by new tables is that women live longer than men. Within the given area the average expectation of life, at birth, for males is 49.9 years; for females, 53.2 years; for white males, 50.2; for white females, 53.6 years; for native white males, 50.6; for native white females, 54.2; for negro males, 34.1 years; for negro females, 37.7. It is shown by these statistics that women outlive men by more than three years. The expectation of life at the age of one year is considerably greater than at birth, and reaches its maximum at the age of two years, when it is 57.5 for native white males and 60.1 for native white females:

At the age of 12 the average native white male's expectation of life is 50.2 years; at 25 it is 39.4 years; at 40, 28.3 years; at 50, 21.2 years; at 60, 14.6 years; at 70, 9.1 years, and at 80, 5.2 years. Similarly, at the age of 12 the average native white female's expectation of life is 52.6 years; at 25 it is 41.8 years; at 40, 30.3 years; at 50, 22.8 years; at 60, 15.8 years; at 70, 9.8 years, and at 80, 5.5 years.

The violent deaths among the male population explain in part the difference in longevity between men and women. Nearly four-fifths of the suicides, homicides and fatal accidents, which account for from seven to eight per cent of the total number of deaths, occur among men. This fact, however, does not fully explain the greater longevity of women. Even during each of the first twelve months of life the death rate for females is lower than for males. During the first month of life the death rate among native whites is nearly twenty-eight per cent higher

for boys than for girls, and during the first year it is still twenty per cent higher.

The most modern conception of the ideal church is that of an institution entirely dissevered from all belief in the supernatural, from all rites and ceremonies, and devoted exclusively to the material or intellectual service of humanity. It is a philanthropic or a socialistic center, according to the school of sociological doctrine adopted by its membership. "Gone is the divinity of the preacher's church!" exclaims Prof. George Burman Foster of the University of Chicago, writing in the *American Journal of Theology*. Gone is the "old miraculous supernaturalism of regeneration."

The dream is of a scientific ministry instead of the old religious ministry. The minister is not so much prophet and priest of God as an administrative officer of a philanthropic and humanitarian institution endowed by capital, which he is competent to execute. The church is not a temple, but a plant. The idea seems to be gaining favor that if men are fed and clothed and sheltered and washed and amused, they will not need to be redeemed with the old terrible redemption.

Such certainly is, in brief, the sociological religion which is finding favor in many non-Catholic churches. It is the last development of the Reformation. Few perhaps have gone to the full length indicated in the citation. They still retain at least the pretence of a religion, though in substance they deny the existence even of a personal God and of an immortal soul. What place the doctrine of Professor Foster can find in a "journal of theology" it is difficult to see. But recent religious events show how little of the doctrine of "the old terrible redemption" is left outside the Catholic Church, the redemption from sin and eternal death from which all his sociology will not exempt even a learned Chicago University professor. The situation is not entirely new. Our Lord Himself partially described it in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, when He said that even should a lost soul be permitted to return from hell its warning would be of no avail.

From the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, nestled amid the picturesque hills and valleys of Kentucky, where the awakening beauties of the spring or the splendors of the fall "form a picture that raises the soul almost instinctively to thoughts of our heavenly home, making even the most severe penance seem but a light price to pay for what we hope will be ours in the future," comes a pamphlet, "Trappist Life," intended as a guide to postulants. It shows us that the Cistercian rule, fostered for many ages within the bosom of the Church, was not adapted to the Middle Ages only, as men might think today, but is likewise suited to our own modern life. At least half of the Trappist community in the spacious buildings of the Abbey of Gethsemani are native Americans.

Prayer, penance, labor are the principle traits of the Cistercian life. The religious prays for himself and his neighbor; he prays in the name of the Church; he expiates his sins and the sins of the people and gains new merit for heaven. He labors, not to amass riches, for he is bound by vow to be poor; he labors to earn his living, and to be able to help the needy. Our Order is at one and the same time a shelter for innocence, a refuge for weakness, and an assured harbor for souls tossed about on the sea of life where they have met fatal rocks and suffered sad shipwreck. It is a life most beautiful, most sanctifying, most sure. It has in store sweet and most unexpected consolations.

The suppression of the use of speech, except for particular reasons, is a characteristic of the Cistercian or Trappist rule. Choir and prayer alternate with labor. Studies likewise are duly provided for. Many and wonderful are the ways in which the Spirit of God leads the souls of men to an intimate union with Christ.